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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

On Thursday, Mr. Asquith moved the introduction of the third and final Home Rule Bill in a powerful and compact speech of two hours' duration. Its opening passages were addressed to prove that the course of events since 1893 had diminished not a whit the justice and expediency of the demand of the Irish people for self-government. The general improvement in social conditions, due in some measure to legislation, had not abated the force of the demand, while "the work of the new laws has done much to weaken the force and blunt the point of what was one of the most formidable arrows in the Unionist bow"—the charges of jobbery and mal-administration, proved by experience to be false. While Ireland was readier for Home Rule, the need of the Imperial Parliament for a devolution of its excessive work was graver than ever. As for Ulster, "he would be a bold man to assert that the case of Ulster presents more difficulties, or ought to be less capable of solution, than that of Boer and Briton living side by side in a territory just recovering from the ravages of internecine war."

THE exposition of the Bill began with an account of the powers and limitations of the Irish Parliament, which was "to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland," language following closely the Bills of 1893 and 1886. Matters excluded from Irish jurisdiction are substantially the same as in 1893, with the addition of the Irish Land Purchase Act, Old Age Pensions, and National Insurance, the two latter of which may, however, be transferred upon demand at a year's notice, the Post Office Savings Bank, transferable after ten years upon request, the Constabulary, transferred automatically after six years, public loans prior to the Act, and the collection of taxes other than postage. As in 1893, special provisions are made against the establishment or endowment of religion, or any attempt to give effect to the recent Papal pronouncements, *Ne Temere* and *Motu Proprio*.

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THE safeguards against possible abuses of legislative powers are as explicit and stringent as in the former measures. Besides the appeal to the Privy Council upon the constitutional validity of laws passed by the Irish Parliament, these are subject to the veto of the Lord Lieutenant acting on instruction of the Imperial Executive, and to a further veto in the shape of an Act of the Imperial Parliament. The executive authority in Ireland is to be exercised by the Lord Lieutenant, "advised by an Irish Executive" instead of assisted by "an Executive Committee of the Privy Council of Ireland," as laid down in 1893. The Lord Lieutenant is appointed for a fixed term, and the appointment will not be subject, as now, to any religious disability.

* * *

THE constitution of the new Legislature follows pretty closely the lines of intelligent anticipation, except in regard to the appointment of the Senate, which, consisting of forty members, is to be nominated in the first instance by the Imperial Executive, and as its members retire by rotation, by the Irish Executive. The Irish House of Commons will consist of 164 members, Ulster having 59. The South African precedent is applied in the case of disagreement of the Houses, which will then sit and vote together. In 1893 the Upper House, of forty-eight members, was to be elected on a high property qualification, and the Lower House consisted of 103 members. The appointment of the Senate is likely to be subject to strong criticism, both from Liberals and Unionists, on widely different grounds.

* * *

THE number of Irish members to sit in the Imperial Parliament is fixed at forty-two, instead of eighty, as in 1893, a provision which must be read in the light of Mr. Asquith's express statement that "I myself, while recognising the priority of the paramount urgency of the Irish claim, have always presented the case for Irish Home Rule as the first step, and only the first, to a larger and more comprehensive policy." To this broad defence of the Home Rule policy for Ireland, as pre-

paratory to a wider federation, Mr. Asquith returned several times in his speech, ending with a noteworthy allusion to the time when "this Imperial Parliament will be set free by the process of which this is the first stage, for a fuller and a more adequate discharge of its Imperial duties."

THE financial arrangements differ widely from those of 1893, chiefly by reason of the recent legislation converting an Irish surplus from the revenue into a deficit, and imposing on the Imperial Government responsible for this change an obligation to make provision for it. For the present, all taxes are to be collected by the Imperial authority, and paid into the Imperial Exchequer, which will disburse each year to the Irish Exchequer a sum representing the cost of all the Irish services, with the exception of the "reserved services," Land Act, Old-Age Pensions, &c., which remain, at any rate for some time to come, an Imperial obligation. Ireland is also to have the Irish postal revenue. In order to provide a margin beyond the bare balance of accounts afforded by this arrangement, a further sum, beginning at £500,000 a year, and reducible by annual amounts of £50,000 to £200,000, will be furnished by the Imperial Government.

As to taxing powers, the Irish Parliament is empowered to reduce or discontinue any Imperial tax with the provision that the sum transferred to its account would be correspondingly reduced. It can impose taxes of its own, including excise, but not Customs except on articles dutiable in the United Kingdom, nor can it add to any import duty except on beer and spirits, and then only so as to produce a 10 per cent. increase in the yield. The general result of the financial proposals is that if the Act came now into force Great Britain would make a grant to Ireland of £2,000,000, of which £1,500,000 would represent the present excess of Irish expenditure over Irish revenue.

INCOHERENT irreconcilability was the note of Sir Edward Carson's speech. It is significant that the Opposition should have chosen to stake its entire case upon the wild advocacy of extreme Ulsterism. Ireland was growing in order, happiness, and prosperity, and this Home Rule measure was a mere wrecking policy, adopted not as a Liberal principle but as a tactical emergency imposed upon the Government. The safeguards were not worth the paper they were written on. Then followed the accustomed repetition of the absurd claim that every argument for Home Rule to Ireland is a claim for Home Rule for the Ulster minority. The most notable utterance in the debate was the firm and whole-hearted acceptance by Mr. Redmond of the "best" of the three Home Rule Bills, as a "final settlement." "It is a great measure and we welcome it. This Bill will be submitted to an Irish National Convention, and I shall, without hesitation, recommend its acceptance to that Convention." The other point of interest lay in Sir E. Carson's interjected question, when Mr. Redmond alluded to the contracting out claim of Ulster, "Will you agree to it?" and the reply, "I would like the proposal to be made first."

MR. O'BRIEN, speaking for the Independent Nationalists, adopted a tone of uncommon moderation and of practical assent. His most positive opinion was an expression of regret that the Government had not adopted the financial proposals of the expert Committee

which had approved complete financial independence. The success of the measure would depend largely on securing the co-operation of the "better-thinking Protestants," and he would be prepared to go to any reasonable, and to some unreasonable, lengths to secure that co-operation."

THE great Ulster demonstration against Home Rule took place at Belfast on Tuesday, with Mr. Bonar Law, watched and supported by Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry, as the central figure. The "Times" informs us that from 80,000 to 100,000 men "in military order, and showing in their carriage the effects of drill and discipline, marched past the saluting point." It also states that "the proceedings opened with a prayer by the Primate of All Ireland, and the whole gathering joined in singing the Ninetieth Psalm." The Belfast atmosphere was more Cromwellian than Mr. Bonar Law's speech. It contained no approval of physical force resistance to Home Rule.

THE new Unionist policy is to be "sops and doles" plus Protection. Land purchase, said Mr. Law, was to be carried on to its completion, and the resources of Ireland were "to be developed in every possible way." Furthermore, when our fiscal scheme was changed, it would be "framed with special and anxious regard to the interests of Ireland." Mr. Amery, we observe, expounds this new Irish Protection, which of course must be framed for farmers not for traders, as implying the exclusion of "free Colonial oats or barley." So that the Colonies are to be fined to prevent Ireland from becoming free. We shall see what answer Home Rule Australia and Canada will make to this proposition. Meanwhile, the luckless Mr. Law has cut from under his party's feet the opposition to the financial provision for Home Rule, for he plainly contemplates the maintenance and increase of the existing deficit in the account between England and Ireland.

THE great strike has nominally ended, or is ending, with the temporary exception of an insurgent district in South-East Lancashire, where the younger colliers revolted against the leaders, and declined to return till after the definite concession of the schedule. In this part of the mining world there has been some riot and disturbance, elsewhere the peaceful character of the Strike has been maintained up to its close. But there is no disguising the fact that the men go back uneasy and dissatisfied. Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, the South Wales extremist, has hinted at a fresh general strike of two million men, including the transport workers. But this language has been strongly vetoed by his own supporters. On the other hand, the end has come about by the moral coercion of the leaders, without willing co-operation on the part of the men.

WHEN the Executive of the Miners' Federation met on Thursday week to consider the ballot, they were faced with a final majority of over 40,000 against resumption of work. They decided that, as this fell short of a two-thirds majority of voters, they must read the ballot as a summons to return. They did not feel strong enough to make this order themselves, so the general body of the Federation was called in. The Conference met this day week, and, on a card vote, showed 440 in favor of resumption, and 125 against it, a result which almost reversed the verdict of the districts. The mandate was

obeyed, as we have said, with singular loyalty, but without enthusiasm, and, we are afraid, without belief in a final victory.

* * *

ALL now hangs on the findings of the District Boards and the attitude of the masters. If the latter repeat the grudging and disingenuous conduct of the railway companies, and aim at the break-up of the Federation, they may indeed succeed; but Syndicalism, or an advanced militant Socialism, will take the place of trade unionism. That is the situation which the Government risked when they failed to make their Bill say what it meant. Mr. Stephen Walsh realises this danger, for he declared that Syndicalism would destroy the workmen with the nation, and that it was anarchy of the "vilest and most disgraceful type." The danger is that it may break up the Liberal-Labor *entente*, and make Labor at once weaker in the House and the country, and more immoderate.

* * *

MEANWHILE, we read with interest a letter from Bishop Gore in the "Times" of Thursday, declaring that the community had definitely turned its back upon the idea that "wages could be left to settle themselves by the law of supply and demand," and that the "old economy" had broken up. The Bishop pleads for what he calls the "reconstruction" of our system on the basis of concession of living rates of wages. He says:—

"The unrest in the labor world is sufficient to alarm the whole of society. We need some principle of economic reconstruction, by which we may hope alike to avoid revolution and to satisfy our sense of justice. That basis of reconstruction is, I believe, to be found in the principle that the adequate payment of the laborer is the first charge upon an industry. It cannot now be said that political economy is against the application of this principle."

* * *

SIR STARR JAMESON has formally retired from the leadership of the Progressive Party in the South African Union, and Sir Thomas Smartt has been chosen to succeed him. The leader of the Raid has of late years played the part of a moderator in South African politics, a task to which his temper and personality very well fitted him. His successor is more of a rhetorician, and less of a manager of men than the agreeable, cynical, and kind-hearted man whom he follows. He is not quite of the calibre of the half-dozen of the ablest leaders of the South African Party, but he is honest and trusted. General Botha welcomed him in a pleasant speech in the Union Assembly, saying that he hoped to co-operate with him in the object which his predecessor had pursued of making "one people and one nation." This, from the late Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Forces in South Africa! If the "Unionist" Party had had its full way, Botha might to-day either have been proscribed, or shot, or become the President of a South African Republic.

* * *

The position of the soldier in civil trouble was again brought before the Government on Wednesday, when Mr. Keir Hardie moved that the recruit should have the right to discriminate between the foreign and home services, and might refuse to assist the civil power during a strike. Mr. Keir Hardie argued that, if recruits knew, or were told, that they might have to act in a strike, they would refuse to enlist. The Government, through the mouth of Colonel Seely and the Attorney-General, took a studiously moderate line; Sir Rufus explaining that the soldier's duty in civil dis-

turbances was only half a military one, for he only resembled the ordinary citizen in being called on to help preserve the peace. His special use was that he was a better trained man than the civilian for purposes of disorder; but the general principle under which he was called in was to prevent a riot, and to preserve life rather than to take it.

* * *

MR. ROOSEVELT has broken his record of reverses as aspirant to the nomination for the Presidency. He defeated Mr. Taft in the Illinois primaries by a majority of nearly two-thirds of the votes, and is said to have secured fifty out of the fifty-eight votes which that State will cast at the Party Convention for the Presidential nomination. His success in Illinois is a little surprising after his advocacy of Reciprocity with Canada, which was very unpopular there, but he seems to have managed to eat his words in time. On the other hand, in this home of insurgency, Mr. Roosevelt's denunciations of bossism and the party machine generally, were meant to catch on, and evidently have done. He is likely to do well in Ohio, too, and though Pennsylvania and some other important States have still to declare themselves, the political prophets seem to agree that he has no chance of nomination. One never knows. The Convention is always liable to be stampeded, and the Republican delegates will meet in Chicago, where Mr. Roosevelt has just gained his success. His supporters are put to strange shifts to explain away Mr. Roosevelt's pledges and vows never to stand again. A certain Professor, in his attempt to put the psychology of the matter in a favorable light, falls back on distinctions between the Rooseveltian conscience and sub-consciousness. The "Evening Post," now as ever anti-Roosevelt, while admitting that it is impressed by this psychology, prefers much simpler explanations of his candidature for a third term.

* * *

HUNGARY is doing her best to justify her reputation as the least liberal Power in Europe in her treatment of minor nationalities. Croatia, always badly treated, has had her constitution suspended, and is under an absolute dictatorship. There is a drastic censorship of the Press which cannot leave even the *faits divers* alone. The University of Agram has been closed, and most of the secondary schools too; and no opportunity of making an arrest is let slip. The occasion of this absolutist outbreak, which has excited indignation amongst Czechs and all the other minor nationalities in Austria-Hungary, seems singularly slight. Croatia has a species of Home Rule under the Ban, appointed by Hungary, and this year the revision of her financial relations with Hungary falls due.

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THE Croats have dared to ask for better terms and some relief from their economic subjection to Hungary. Their crime is no worse than Hungary herself is always committing in her relations with Austria. On this slender base the Hungarian Premier has built up a mountain of suspicion, accusing the Croats of aiming at separation. It is the old story of the Agram conspiracy trials of a few years ago. The crime of the Croats is that they are Serbs, and belong to a race which, though distributed under four or five separate Governments, is more compact than the Hungarians themselves. So inexplicable is the policy of repression that some Croats have jumped to the conclusion that it masks some forward movement that Austria is about to make in Macedonia; but of that there is no evidence.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW IRISH NATION.

WE may well congratulate the Liberal Party on their final approach to a task at once so consonant with their political genius and their moral ideas and so pregnant with good for the Empire. Of the three Home Rule Bills, the last is, we think, beyond all compare the best. The first would have laid on Ireland a financial burden she could not have borne; the second failed to lift from British shoulders an encumbrance fatal to our political system and to hers. The measure introduced on Thursday gives the Imperial Parliament the power to work and thrive, and the Irish State a chance to live. While it forges and fits the last link in a chain of Legislatures which binds a Home Rule Empire together, it also knocks away the stoutest barrier against a confederation of the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the world. What price does Great Britain pay for the incalculable political gain of a reconciled Ireland? The cheap price of a subordinate Parliament, subject to the triple veto of the Crown, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the Imperial Parliament. For this consideration, said Mr. Redmond on Thursday night, Ireland consents to make a "final settlement." At the bottom, the transaction is one of trust. Liberals approach the Irish problem in the spirit in which they achieved the South African settlement and in which the whole British people now envisages the Canadian settlement and the Australian settlement; the Conservative Party, in the temper in which it was minded to impose unconditional surrender on the Boers, and to shut them up within the narrow walls of Crown Colony rule. The conflict is one of morals and polity, in which all the facts of our special British experience—and, let us add, all the wiser judgments and higher precepts of our public men—attest the cause of self-government, and prophesy its triumph.

The practical question therefore is whether the new Home Rule Bill meets the special conditions of the Anglo-Irish case. We think it does. We applaud the wisdom of its terminology, which for the first time speaks of the Irish legislative body as a "Parliament," and its Representative Assembly as a "House of Commons." This is a concession to the legitimate pride of the Irish people, while it invokes and can involve no derogation from the supreme and inalienable power of the Imperial Parliament. More immediate importance attaches to the degree and character of the autonomy which the Bill confers. Here again we applaud the boldness of giving the judiciary to the Irish Executive without a suspensory period, and of shaping Ireland to the final, though not the immediate, model of a responsible Colonial State. Taking all the services, reserved and other, into account, this means that in a period of about ten years Ireland will govern herself, and we shall be well on the way to a federal Parliament for these realms. The interim arrangement is fair and tolerable. Ireland gets a subordinate assembly of 164 Commons and 40 Senators, and her

Imperial representation is reduced to 42. This is, in form, a compromise between the exclusion of the measure of 1886 and the over-large quota of 80 members provided in the Bill of 1893. That is a sensible, though not a sufficient, relief from the dual Irish control with which we were threatened nineteen years ago. But we shall take leave to call it a provisional representation, based on a scheme of provisional finance. So long as Ireland does not control her police or her fiscal system, she cannot be placed in line with the over-sea British nations who do. Nothing, in truth, but sheer separation can divorce her from the Imperial Parliament; but so long as she has common financial concerns with us, she must appear within its walls. The question is, will she have too much power there? She will have enough; but the old ascendancy over our Party life is broken, and, indeed, with the coming of Home Rule, she voluntarily relinquishes it. We envisage to-day an essentially new Imperial Parliament, the first stones of which are laid with the Home Rule Bill. That measure goes as far in the direction of fresh constitution-building as is wise. The Irish case stands by itself, and it is impossible to pronounce on a Scottish or a Welsh demand for Home Rule which has not been formulated, and does not compete in urgency with the Irish claim. It is enough that the Bill does not, either in its finance or its legislative arrangement, veto a federal system, and that it is consistent with such a development. But its predominant, its vital, business was to relieve Ireland of an absentee Parliament as we have relieved her of an absentee landlordism, and to give her a true organ of representation. When that voice speaks, it will speak for Imperial unity, for it will be the authentic voice of a new-born British nation.

On finance, indeed, we have some tentative criticisms to make. The general idea of the Bill offers an excellent and we have no doubt a true way to the solution of the financial difficulty. Unionism has not made Ireland pay, and never will, for, under the reign of Mr. Law, a deficit on the Anglo-Irish account becomes not merely an incident, but a purpose and a policy. But we could not in fairness start Ireland on the path of financial independence loaded up with a finance which a rich people designed for their rapidly expanding wants and costly habits, without any regard to the more modest Irish conditions. The Bill contemplates that Ireland will one day assume full responsibility for her house-keeping. Meanwhile, its arrangements are fluid and provisional, so as to carry the new State over the period of her untried youth. It proposes to see Ireland through the transaction of land-purchase, two-thirds of which have already gone through under British management. This may be a matter of ten years, with the prospect of a compulsory Bill at the close of the account, which England could obviously handle more firmly than a new Irish Government. Other liabilities, such as Insurance and Old-Age pensions, Ireland can shoulder when she wants them. Savings banks are retained in British hands for ten years—a wise precaution, in view of the timidity of the small investor. The Imperial power will also do the whole

work of tax-collecting. But a measure of liberty is reserved for the Irish Parliament. It can deal freely with excise, and it can tax articles subject to existing customs duties to the extent of an additional ten per cent. In other words, it can slightly raise the tea and tobacco duties, and we imagine can tax whisky and stout as it pleases. Whether this would carry with it any power or effect of preferential taxation in favor of Irish articles, we cannot at present say, though it is clear that any such device would be at the risk of the Irish Exchequer. But we confess we do not quite see how the entire system can be expected to yield an adequate motive for economy on the part of the Irish Administration. It is to be presented with a surplus of £500,000 a year, falling to £200,000. But if Ireland collects more taxes, or reduces her expenditure, it does not look as if she would get the whole benefit, for a Joint Exchequer Board is to be set up for revising the financial arrangements and providing for an eventual Irish contribution to Imperial needs. The provisional system may, therefore, labor under one disadvantage of the existing method, and we must look beyond the intermediate period to the full fruition of this great scheme of responsible government. On the other hand, Ireland will do well, even at some cost to herself, to hasten the time when she obtains full financial responsibility, and contributes something to the upkeep of the Imperial State.

What is the alternative to the Bill? A kind of sugared coercion. In his Belfast speech the new Unionist leader abandoned all the methods and hopes of prudent statesmanship with the gross declaration that England is to nurse and feed Ireland into oblivion of her nationality. In spite of bribes and doles, the exile still remembers Zion; very well, there shall be more bribes and doles to make her forget it. Anglo-Irish finance is no longer put as a "business" proposition. Irish public men are invited to go on squandering English money so long as they abstain from putting conscience and forethought and responsibility into their spending, and if that does not content them, to look to a tariff deliberately arranged to favor them at the expense of Colonial producers. What will a Home Rule Empire have to say to such a policy? And in whose interest is this profligate management of our Irish estate designed? Not in that of English Toryism. We believe that the Tory Party is utterly sick of opposing Home Rule. It cannot object to the creation of a British State in which, on the whole, Conservative ideas will prevail. It looks forward with not unnatural readiness to a Parliament in which Liberal and Tory policies can meet each other in fair battle array, with the Irish handicap withdrawn or greatly diminished, as this Bill diminishes it. Is it for North-East Ulster that this hollow game is resumed, after its virtual abandonment a few short months ago? Orange Ulster, no doubt, is now set in front of the Unionist battle, a place which the more measured and refined statesmanship of Mr. Balfour never assigned it. But where is her grievance under this Bill? Ulster will possess more than a third of the representation of the new Irish House of

Commons. She and the landlord class will, of course, be given a full hearing in the nominated Senate, so long as its membership rests with the British Government; and we think the Liberal Party would generally support a proposal to make that body depend finally, not on nominations by the Irish Executive, but on selection by a proportional system. The Protestant faith is amply protected against assaults, if perchance Irish Catholicism were so vitally changed in character and feeling as to deliver them. Mixed marriages are expressly protected, and there will be no room for an arrogant priesthood, for the *ne temere* and *motu proprio* decrees will not run in the new Irish State. What, then, has Ulster to fear? She has all the elements and weapons of power in a modern community—wealth, capital, character, unity, mass, ability, commercial experience, the habit of command. When Ireland had a Parliament she fashioned it, and would have reformed and saved it when Catholicism hung back from the task. And the language of the Irish leader on Thursday night showed that the co-operation of all Irishmen for Ireland's good is the first and last word of the Nationalism whose offence for Ulster ceases on the day when her sons become Irishmen indeed.

THE RELATION OF THE STATE TO LABOR.

THE most impressive result of the coal strike is the demonstration of the narrow limits to the power of trade unionism as a fighting force. Mr. Hartshorn, indeed, one of the "forward" leaders, is reported to have spoken of another and greater impending effort. But he must have been whistling to keep his courage up, for he had himself been singularly prompt in advising the South Wales miners to return to work. It is clear that the South Wales "forwards" made a serious miscalculation of their strength. The available funds of the South Wales unions amounted to about 14s. a head, and one can only suppose that, in urging on the strike, their leaders assumed that a concerted national cessation of work would bring the industry of the country to a standstill within a fortnight, and compel the Government to accept the men's demands and enforce them on the owners. They appear to have calculated without reference to the magnitude of the stocks of coal which the miners were every day piling up to their own ultimate prejudice till the very day when they laid down their tools. The result was that, with isolated exceptions—and apart from a curtailment of the train service, of which, perhaps, the strike was the occasion rather than the cause—industry held out for five weeks so well that the trade figures for March show but the smallest decline of exports, and a positive increase apart from coal itself. The vision of a general strike which penetrated the minds of some of the rasher men, is for all reflecting persons dissipated by the experiences of the last month. A great strike will hit the poor, but it must last for months before it can seriously affect the solid entrenchments of wealth. It is not by this method that the working-class can hope for solid advance.

Yet the industrial problem remains urgent. The

desire for improved labor conditions has deepened into a resolve, and, with all due deference to Dean Inge, it is a resolve which, far from being selfish or predatory, contains within it the one hope of a better future for the country. No reflecting person can wish that large numbers of the working people should subsist for ever in the conditions described in Mrs. Reeves's pamphlet to which we recently drew attention. If the working-classes as a whole were content with such conditions we might indeed despair, and a concerted movement to rise above them, far from being condemned as selfish, should rank as the truest patriotism. As long as the conditions remain, we cannot hope that efforts to remedy them will cease, and if law and government can do nothing to improve them, it is left to the combined efforts of the workers to do the best they can for themselves. But if the miners, with all their organisation and all the advantages of their position, so soon reached the limits of their power, what hope is there for the poorer, unskilled, and imperfectly organised classes? Enthusiasm carried the transport workers to success last year. But enthusiasm cannot be relied on as a permanent and sustaining force, nor will the economic conditions often be as favorable as they were in 1911. We have to recognise that in spite of Liberal finance, economic forces still tell heavily in favor of the relative concentration of wealth. When Mr. Lloyd George tells us that half the value of the estates on which duty was paid last year was in the hands of less than 1,000 people, we see the reverse side of that mass of grinding poverty which impresses every visitor to England. At the one end we have the vast rent-roll of the urban landowner, the colossal fortune of the successful speculator, the gigantic operations of the great company, with its soulless management of men—the evils, in fact, of a form of absenteeism in industry. At the other we have for the masses inadequate wages and irregular employment maintaining them at a bare subsistence point, from which the first stroke of misfortune presses them down into the morass.

We believe that the workers will maintain their revolt against these conditions, but we do not believe that they can do much to remedy them without the aid of the State. The question is only in part one of wages. It is also a question of the land policy, and the fiscal policy of the nation. As to the first point, England stands almost alone among the great nations in having no land-holding peasantry as a backing to her working class. Ireland is gaining such a peasantry through the operations of land purchase. Scotland is about to secure it through the mechanism of Lord Pentland's great measure. In England the Act of 1907 has done little more than mark a beginning, and only a radical change of administrative machinery will transform that measure into an effective lever for raising the country laborer to the status of an economically free peasant. In the towns the pinch of poverty is intensified by the exorbitant house rents which often absorb a third or even more of a poor family's insufficient weekly pay. Here it is that fiscal reform has its greatest part to play. Our rating system is a direct tax on building, and the transference of a proportion of the burden from the building to the

site would do much to moderate the charges of the speculative builder. This reform was recommended eleven years ago by the minority report of the Commission on Local Taxation. Yet, owing to the fixed inertia of the Local Government Board under Mr. Burns's highly conservative management, the report has remained a dead letter. In spite of Free Trade, we still tax one of the necessities of life, shelter, to the amount of one-fourth or one-third of its value. Nor do we even leave food untaxed, and we cannot but regret that Mr. Lloyd George has not yet seen his way to the remission of the war tax on sugar. Nor can we see how this reform can with propriety be delayed much further. The Government are already keeping up a large surplus. Mr. George is budgeting low, and we shall be much surprised if at the end of the financial year he does not have another three or four millions in hand. But that means over-taxation, needless taxation, and it cannot go on. Parliament will assert its rights, and call for the appropriation of this money. As things stand, the poor are paying out of their necessity for the misdirection of our foreign policy and the consequent friction with Germany, with the maintenance of armaments at the highest pressure of construction which a great ship-building and engineering community can compass.

We have indicated some of the ways in which the State can pay some instalment of its debt to poverty. But we believe that it will also be compelled to find a more direct and constructive policy in relation to wages. From this point of view, we especially regretted the refusal of the Government to admit the principle of the living wage in their Wages Bill—a principle which we are glad to see the Bishop of Oxford declared to be "the basis" of our "economic reconstruction." That refusal is directly responsible for the present uncertainty in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland. It has compelled the men to return to work without any guarantee that their minimum will bear any relation to the requirements of living. If, on the other hand, the five-shilling minimum had been accepted, we should have had for the first time an explicit admission not only of the principle of the minimum, but what is very much more important, that the minimum must not fall below the amount required to maintain the physical efficiency of an average family. This, we submit, is the principle on which the Government will have to act if it is again called upon, as at any time it may be, to intervene in disputes between the worst-paid grades of labor and its employers. It is not enough to meet any such crisis with talk of compulsory arbitration. Arbitration may be a means of keeping things as nearly as possible unchanged. But these things want a radical change, and it is the function of the Government, as representing the permanent interest of the nation, not to resist but to facilitate change. They feel the need of clear principles to guide them in doing so. Yet in the case of the daymen in the mines a sufficiently clear and simple principle presented itself, and it is a misfortune that it was rejected. It would not only have brought the coal strike to an end in a different spirit, but it would have proved a natural and sound basis for the future relation of the State to labor.

FUTURE RAILWAY POLICY.

Now that relief has come from the absorbing interest of the coal strike, we hope that some attention may be spared for the ripening situation in the railroad industry. When the intervention of the Government in last summer's railway strike induced the companies to make at least a formal concession of some of the demands of labor for a higher wage and other improved conditions, the companies openly demanded as a *quid pro quo* the right to make the public pay the whole amount of the expense of setting their business on a humane footing. The Government, in a weak moment, assented to this demand, expressing their willingness to allow a rise of railway rates and charges corresponding to the rise of wages. This promise is fulfilled in the Bill which a fortnight ago was introduced by Mr. Buxton, and of which the text has just been published.

Two important provisions in that Bill deserve particular attention just now, having regard to the proposals which the railway unions intend shortly to bring before the companies. The first of these gives a wide general sanction to working agreements between companies for "the maintenance and management of their railways, the use and working of their railways, and the fixing, collection, and appointment of all fares, rates, charges, or other receipts taken in respect of traffic on their respective railways." Taken in conjunction with the course of actual events within recent years, this may be regarded as a formal acknowledgment that the era of railway competition has gone by, and that the era of combination and eventual amalgamation has set in. It would be foolish to oppose a tendency so inevitable and fraught with economies so obviously advantageous to owners of railway capital. Even the American people have at last come to recognise the practical impossibility of forcing businesses to compete when their interest is to combine. But now that full legal facilities are to be given to this centralising process, the public will need to scrutinise carefully the new power of this transport monopoly. The direct guardians of their interests are the Commissioners. But how far are the latter able to afford adequate protection against the attempts which railways may make to raise rates or to reduce facilities so as to earn higher profits? This question brings us to the provisions of the Bill in fulfilment of last summer's pledge.

It is now provided that the railways may make a "reasonable" increase of rates and charges "for the purpose of meeting any increase in the railway company's expenditure due to the cost of improvements made by the company in the conditions of employment," and that it shall lie upon any complainant "to prove that the increase is unreasonable." There are general objections which, in our opinion, lie against giving these large new arbitrary powers of rate-making to railways. If the Bill passes in its present form, it will entirely remove from the railways the wholesome stimulus to improvement of administration which rising wages cause in other businesses. Now, it is notorious that the comparatively low profits earned by railroad capital in recent years have been chiefly due to

bad management, wasteful finance, and methods of book-keeping far inferior to those of any other of our great industries. A rising wage-bill should be an exceedingly wholesome incentive to reform in such a trade. But this Bill, apparently permitting an automatic increase of rates to correspond with any increased cost of labor, will act as a continued sanction of incompetency. The new powers of amalgamation now granted may certainly be expected to fructify in large savings of expenditure on competing services. Why should not these savings bear some part, at any rate, of the rise in the cost of labor? Why should the whole advantage of the new process of monopoly go to the shareholders, the travelling and trading public paying all the bill for higher profits and higher wages? As for the right of complaint against "unreasonable" increases, it will usually be worthless. No ordinary trader would be able to obtain the evidence technically necessary to prove his case, even had he access to the companies' accounts, for the report of the recent Committee on Railway Accounts makes it quite evident that scientific cost-taking does not obtain on most British railways. This clause relieving the railway from the obligation to show that its increase of rates is "reasonable," and throwing the *onus probandi* on the complaining trader, is, in our judgment, wholly mischievous, and we hope will be subjected to drastic amendment.

We do not deny the fairness of the contention that, if the State imposes a rise of wages above the market rate upon a trade which is subject to State limitations upon its charges, consideration should be taken of this rise of wages in fixing charges. But this demands a discrimination which is entirely absent from the crude provisions of this Bill. We profess no hostility to railroad shareholders. The capitalist, like the laborer, is worthy of his hire, and it would be a short-sighted policy to force upon railways reforms which would reduce dividends so low as to check the fertilising flow of fresh capital to a progressive industry. But it would be an equally foolish policy to allow the railways of the country to form themselves into a combination which, having extinguished competition, shall enhance the value of its capital by the economy of expenditure and the raising of rates. For most railway authorities, both in this country and in America, now recognise that State regulation is but a stage in the movement towards that nationalisation which in most other civilised countries has already taken place. The difficulties with railway labor make in the same direction. For though State service gives no absolute immunity from labor unrest, it can furnish better pledges of security of service than a profit-making company. Before the Bill becomes law we hope Members of Parliament will consider how far its provisions may enhance the value of the capital which, before many years pass, the State may be called upon to purchase in order to carry out the inevitable and fast-approaching process of nationalisation.

THE OUTLOOK IN TURKEY.

THE results of the General Election in Turkey are a great disappointment for many of her friends. The

Committee of Union and Progress has triumphed everywhere; not a single Turk has been returned to the Opposition which, more feeble and ineffectual than ever, now consists of the odds and ends of the subject nationalities. The Parliament which will meet in a fortnight will be at two removes from the better mind of Turkey. Not only is it the product of a "khaki" election, for which we have to thank Italy, but every trick known to Spain or Mexico for defeating the expression of an independent opinion has been unscrupulously employed. So scandalous have been the intimidation and the gerrymandering practised by the Committee and its agents, that in many districts the subject majorities have thought it more dignified to boycott the elections altogether. Macedonia, at any rate, has nothing to hope for from the new Parliament. Yet we doubt whether there were ever real grounds for hope from these elections. Some built on the secession of the extreme Moslems from the Committee, and hoped that they and the new *Entente Libérale* between them might turn it out of power. But even supposing that the Committee had accepted its defeat without a struggle—than which nothing is more unlikely—a coalition so unnatural must instantly have broken up. It is arguable that even the continuance of the Committee in power is preferable to the disorders that would have followed its defeat at the polls. The electoral victories of the Committee gained by such means as were employed can hardly make the prospects of a settlement with Italy more difficult and remote than they were before; and as for Macedonia, our hopes of any speedy improvement there must depend, not so much on Parliamentary action, as on a more enlightened sense in the Executive of where Turkey's Imperial interests lie. It is easy to lay the blame for everything that goes wrong on the Committee, and natural to feel resentment at the way in which it has belied its promises. The Balkan Committee declared roundly this week—and with truth, so far as European Turkey is concerned—that corruption, cruelty, and terrorism are almost as rife now as under Abdul Hamid. Yet it is clear that unless Europe is to intervene by force—an appalling prospect, with Europe divided as it is, though some are willing to face it—whatever is done will for some time have to be done through the Committee.

To do the Young Turks justice, they have latterly shown some sense of their peril. The despatch of the Minister of the Interior's Reform Commission into the interior of Macedonia was one sign. Still more notable were the negotiations with the Bulgarian revolutionary organisation at Sofia. They were unsuccessful, but that they should have been begun shows how insecure the Turkish Government feels its position to be. It is as though Mr. Balfour, when coercion was in full swing in Ireland, had sent envoys to interview the Clan-na-Gael. The Committee evidently realises the importance of having an understanding with discontented Bulgars, both in and out of Turkey, even though it is not yet prepared to pay the full price of one. Even the intimidation and bamboozling of the polls are perhaps to be regarded rather as evidence of its nervousness than of a more determined

antagonism than before to the rights of the subject races. Except in their dissension, the policy of Ottomanisation has no chance. Yet there are not wanting signs that this essential condition will not hold much longer. The rumors that a new Triple Alliance has been formed between Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece, by which they guarantee each other against aggression, may or may not be accurate, but are certainly not without some foundation. And the most significant feature of these stories is that Turkey herself is said to have been asked to join the new League. That such a rumor should gain circulation shows in what direction men's thoughts are running. Two years ago, again, no one would have believed in the possibility of such a union as the *Entente Libérale* between all the nationalities of Macedonia; and though it has had such poor success at the polls, the Committee knows quite well that it may easily become a force which cannot be overcome by stuffing the ballot-boxes. The "Young Turk," in a recent article criticising the proposals of autonomy, urges that provincial Home Rule would settle nothing, because the race which had a majority would only use it to oppress the others. But if there was a working political combination between the various races, and if, moreover, this corresponded to a new Triple Alliance outside, the mere instinct of self-preservation might easily drive the Turks to make friends with it. Autonomy for Macedonia would be a cheap price to pay for the leadership of a Balkan Federation or system of advances which would be a guarantee of Turkish integrity against the aggressions of the Powers; and the future of Serbia and Bulgaria would be much more seriously compromised by extension of Austrian, Russian, or Italian influence than by anything that Turkey can now do.

It is only a question of time before Turkey will be ready to take this obvious view of her own interests, and to decide to pay the fine. But time, unfortunately, is of the essence of the matter. The state of Macedonia is so bad that some English sympathisers are prepared to welcome even the forcible intervention of Austria and Russia. There are not wanting signs that neither would be unready to take advantage of a good opportunity for realising some of the claims that they have pegged out for the future; and a prominent Radical member of the Italian Parliament has recently declared that Italy is politically interested in Tripoli because it will help her to assert herself in Albania. The continuance of the war in Tripoli and of Turkish misrule in Macedonia and Albania are excellent excuses, which can be used at any time, for re-opening the whole Eastern question, and if the Concert of Europe existed, one would welcome such intervention. But there is no Concert. It is a sorry choice of hopes for the Macedonians—to wait until the Concert is restored and Europe has once more a conscience, or to wait until the Young Turks understand that liberty and autonomy are the conditions of Empire, and are prepared to pay the price for a settlement which would save them from further aggression on the part of Europe. But either hope would be preferable to any intervention in Macedonia by the Powers in their present mood.

Life and Letters.

"THE IMPERIAL RACE."

"THE public are particularly requested not to tease the Cannibals." So ran one of the many flaming notices outside the show. Other notices proclaimed the unequalled opportunity of beholding "The Dahomey Warriors of Savage South Africa; a Rare and Peculiar Race of People; all there is Left of them"—as, indeed, it might well be. Another called on the public "not to fail to see the Colored Beauties of the Voluptuous Harem," no doubt also the product of Savage South Africa. But of all the gilded placards, the most alluring, to our mind, was the request not to tease the Cannibals. It suggested so appalling a result.

We do not know who the Cannibals were. Those we saw appeared to be half-caste Jamaicans, but there may have been something more savage inside, and certainly a Dahomey warrior from South Africa would have to be ferocious indeed if his fierceness was to equal his rarity. But the particular race did not matter. The really interesting thing was that the English crowd was assumed to be as far superior to the African savage as to a wild beast in a menagerie. The proportion was the same. The English crowd was expected to extend to the barbarians the same inquisitive patronage as to jackals and hyenas in a cage, when in front of the cages it is written, "Do not irritate these animals. They bite."

The facile assumption of superiority recalled a paradoxical remark that Huxley made about thirty years ago, when that apostle of evolution suddenly scandalised progressive Liberalism by asserting that a Zulu, if not a more advanced type than a British working man, was at all events happier. "I should rather be a Zulu," said Huxley in his trenchant way, and the believers in industrialism were not pleased. By the continual practice of war, and by generations of infanticide, under which only the strongest babies survived, the Zulus had certainly at that time raised themselves to high physical excellence, traces of which still remain in spite of the degeneracy that follows foreign subjection. The present writer has known many African tribes between Dahomey and Zululand too well to idealise them into "the noble savage." He knows how rapidly they are losing both their bodily health and their native virtues under the deadly contact of European drink, clothing, disease, and exploitation. Yet, on looking round upon the London crowds that were particularly requested not to tease the cannibals, his first thought was that Huxley's paradox remained true.

The crowds that swarmed the Heath were not lovely things to look at. Newspapers estimated that nearly half-a-million human beings were collected on the patch of sand that Macaulay transfigured into "Hampstead's swarthy moor." But even if we followed the safe rule and divided the estimated number by half, a quarter of a million was quite enough. "Like bugs—the more, the worse," Emerson said of city crowds, and certainly the most enthusiastic social legislator could hardly wish to make two such men or women stand where one stood before. Scarlet and yellow booths, gilded roundabouts, sword-swallowers in purple fleshings, Amazons in green plush and spangles were gay enough. Booths, roundabouts, Amazon queens, and the rest are the only chance of color the English people have, and no wonder they love them. But in themselves and in mass the crowds were drab, dingy, and black. Even "orstridges" and "pearlies," that used to break the monotony like the exchange of men's and women's hats, are thought to be declining. America may rival that dulness, but in no other country of Europe, to say nothing of the East and Africa, could so colorless a crowd be seen—a mass of people so devoid of character in costume, or of tradition and pride in ornament.

But it was not merely the absence of color and beauty in dress, or the want of national character and distinction—a plainness that would afflict even a Russian peasant from the Ukraine or a Tartar from the further Caspian.

It was the uncleanness of the garments themselves that would most horrify the peoples not reckoned in the foremost files of time. A Hindu thinks it disgusting enough for a Sahib to put on the same coat and trousers that he wore yesterday without washing them each morning in the tank, as the Hindu washes his own garment. But that the enormous majority of the Imperial race should habitually wear second, third, and fourth-hand clothes that have been sweated through by other people first, would appear to him incredible. If ever he comes to England, it does appear to him incredible. It is one of the first shocks that strike him with horror when he emerges from Charing Cross. "Can these smudgy, dirty, evil-smelling creatures compose the dominant race?" is the thought of even the most "loyal" Indian as he moves among the crowd of English workpeople. And it is only the numbing power of habit that silences the question in ourselves. Cheap as English clothing is, second-hand it is cheaper still, and we suppose that out of that quarter-million people on the Heath last Monday hardly one per cent. was wearing clothes that no one had worn before him. Hence the sickening smell that not only pervades an English crowd but hangs for two or three days over an open space where the crowd has been. "I can imagine a man keeping a dirty shirt on," said Nietzsche, "but I cannot imagine him taking it off and putting it on again." He was speaking in parables, as a philosopher should; but if he had stood among an English working crowd, his philosophic imagination would have been terribly strained by literal fact.

Scrubby coat and trousers, dirty shirt, scarf, and cap, socks more like anklets for holes, and a pair of split boots; bedraggled hat, frowzy jacket, blouse, and skirt, squashy boots, and perhaps a patchy "pelerine" or scrappy "boa"—such is accepted as the natural costume for the heirs of all the ages. Prehistoric man, roaming through desert and forest in his own shaggy pelt, was infinitely better clad. So is the aboriginal African with a scrap of leopard skin, or a single bead upon a cord. To judge by clothing, we may wonder to what purpose evolution ever started upon its long course of groaning and travail up to now. And more than half-concealed by that shabby clothing, what shabby forms and heads we must divine! How stunted, puny, and ill-developed the bodies are! How narrow-shouldered the men, how flat-breasted the women! And the faces, how shapeless and anæmic! How deficient in forehead, nose, and jaw! Compare them with an Afghan's face; it is like comparing a chicken with an eagle. Writing in the "Standard" last Monday, a well-known clergyman assured us that "when a woman enters the political arena, the bloom is brushed from the peach, never to be restored." That may seem a hard saying to Primrose Dames and Liberal Women, but the thousands of peaches that entered the arena (as peaches will) on Hampstead Heath, had no bloom left to brush, and no political arena could brush it more.

Deficient in blood and bone, the products of stuffy air, mean food, and casual or half-hearted parentage, often tainted with hereditary or acquired disease, the faces were; but, worse than all, how insignificant and indistinguishable! It is well known that a Chinaman can hardly distinguish one Englishman from another, just as we can hardly distinguish the Chinese. But in an English working crowd, even an Englishman finds it difficult to distinguish face from face. Yet as a nation we have always been reckoned conspicuous for strong and even eccentric individuality. Our well-fed upper and middle classes—the public school, united services, and university classes—reach a high physical average. Perhaps, on the whole, they are still the best specimens of civilised physique. Within thirty years the Germans have made an astonishing advance. They are purging off their beer, and working down their fat. But, as a rule, the well-fed and carefully trained class in England still excels in versatility, decision, and adventure. Unhappily, it is with few—only with a few millions of well-to-do people, a fraction of the whole English population—and with the country-bred people and considerable bodies of open-air workers, that we succeed.

The great masses of the English nation are tending to become the insignificant, indistinguishable, unwholesome, and shabby crowd that grows visible at football matches and on Bank Holidays upon the Heath.

It is true that familiarity breeds respect. It may be almost impossible for the average educated man to know anything whatever about the working classes. The educated and the workpeople move, as it were, in worlds of different dimensions, incomprehensible to each other. Very few men and women from our secondary schools and universities, for instance, can long enjoy solemnly tickling the faces of passing strangers with a bunch of feathers, or revolving on a wooden horse to a steam organ, or gazing at a woman advertised as "a Marvel of Flesh, Fat, and Beauty." The educated seldom appreciate such joys in themselves. If they like trying them, it is only "in the second intention." They enjoy out of patronage, or for literary sensation, rather than in grave reality. They are excluded from the mind to which such things genuinely appeal. But let not education mock, nor culture smile disdainfully at the short and simple pleasures of the poor. If by some miracle of revelation culture could once become familiar from the inside with one of those scrubby and rather abhorrent families, the insignificance would be transfigured, the faces would grow distinguishable, and all manner of admired and even lovable characteristics would be found. How sober people are most days of the week; how widely charitable; how self-sacrificing in hopes of saving the pence for margarine or melted fat upon the children's bread! They are shabby, but they have paid for every scrap of old clothing with their toil; they are dirty, but they try to wash, and would be clean if they could afford the horrible expense of cleanliness; they are ignorant, but within twenty years how enormously their manners to each other have improved! And then consider their Christian thoughtlessness for the morrow, how superb and spiritual it is! How different from the things after which the Gentiles of the commercial classes seek! Last Monday, a mother and a daughter, hanging over the very abyss of penury, spent two shillings in having their fortunes told. Could the lilies of the field or Solomon in all his glory have shown a finer indifference to worldly cares?

Mankind, as we know, in the lump is bad, but that it is not worse remains the everlasting wonder. It is not the squalor of such a crowd that should astonish; it is the marvel that they are not more squalid. For, after all, what is the root cause of all this dirt and ignorance and shabbiness and disease? It is not drink, nor thriftlessness, nor immorality, as the philanthropists do vainly talk; still less is it crime. It is the "inequality" of which Canon Barnett lately wrote in these columns—the inequality that Matthew Arnold said made a high civilisation impossible. But such inequality is only another name for poverty, and from poverty we have yet to discover the way of redemption.

THE ETHICS OF GLASS-HOUSES.

"Those who live in glass-houses," &c. The wording of this proverb is not, as eighteenth-century stylists would have said, especially felicitous. Those nice, old-fashioned pagodas, painted a delicate green (for so I see the proverbial glass-houses in my fancy), are shelters for pots and tubs, but scarcely for human beings. Whereas, if we think of the glass as merely so much window-pane, this seems to imply that the sun's light and warmth are akin to evil communication, and that virtue is safe only when it burrows underground, or hides, like that of nunneries, behind funnel-shaped shutters excluding all but an inch-ribbon of sky.

But, faulty as is its metaphor, few proverbs have done so much execution, or allowed so many executions, especially (as we shall see) of the *military exigence* kind, to be done by ourselves and others; in our own day more especially. For we have waxed wonderfully tolerant and sceptical, and, most of all, such of us as would have been afraid of toleration and horrified at

scepticism a generation or two back. Very properly, our morality is becoming less a set of ritual taboos, presided over by some Caliban's god Setebos, than a code of things to be sought or avoided from sheer spiritual good taste and breeding. Only, so far that finer taste is not inbred; and the desire to claim it results in genteel fear of showing our plebeian narrow-mindedness by thorough-going praise and (even more underbred!) by thorough-going blame. We are, all of us, just a trifle uneasy in our conscience, or rather uneasy at having a conscience. And it is this secret uneasiness which makes the proverb, "Those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones," so applicable, or at least so often applied, in our day. There are fewer stones being thrown than formerly (except by militant suffragists), our towns, spiritual as well as material, being wood-pavemented for persons of weak nerves, and our high-roads blacked smooth because we are wealthy and rush about in motors. So we have got a horror of the unusual, the almost unknown, impact of blame as of something excruciatingly shameful, tearing the tender flesh and producing the indelicate and grotesque appearance of bleeding at the nose. Besides, we are all of us aware that our virtue is neither monastic nor cave-dwelling; and that hygiene requires a frontage of windows on to the highways of Satan and the garden of the encyclopædic apple-tree. Indeed, the more fashionable spirits among us are beginning to hint, in stage whispers (what everyone knew before but nobody said), that temptation is quite in the normal order of things, and that Satan is a mere *alibi* for the sun, who may, to be sure, sometimes pinch sinners amorously black (like that charming Cleopatra), but is, taken all round, the maker of red corpuscles. In this manner there comes to be a lot of glass in our moral mansions, and we therefore desist, except in strict self-defence, from the fine Judaic practice of stoning evil-doers in the public thoroughfare.

I remarked that our proverb has not only done much execution of late, but also allowed a good deal to be done in cases where, as chivalrous generals remind us, a soldier was never known to do a brutal thing, and where true kindness, as diplomatic agents add, requires a little cruelty. We had many of us—even the sedate representatives of time-honored opinion—snatched some handy missile and aimed it at our peace-breaking neighbor who pressed civilisation on uncivilised people and court-martialled them (or not!) for not accepting this handsome gift.

A couple of months ago there was a real jolly bout of international lapidation. Indeed, some of our small exclamatory projectiles must have hit, for there was a wailing of injured virtue. When, suddenly, a voice arose, with loud but polite tones: "Do remember what you yourselves have done, you Pharisees and hypocrites—no, I beg your pardon—remember, you great, wise, civilised Britons, the various things you have been forced by circumstances to do. Remember your various land-grabbings—so necessary to the world's progress—and the elimination of sundry backward races; remember the burning of the Boer farms; remember the Concentration Camps; remember the Mahdi's head; remember . . ."—the rest was never heard. We had turned tail, run home, decorously, as if we did it for exercise, and holding our impartial tongues. We had been reminded, in the nick of time, of our own glass-house.

Now the question occurs to me (sitting with quiet dignity once more behind my screen of brittle British window-pane), whether it is nice, besides being natural, to behave like this? Which, being interpreted, is the same as saying: Would the world be a safer and sounder place if everyone showed such polite leniency towards his neighbor's present evil-doings and his own past ones? The application of such sympathetic considerations to civil and political government can still be studied nowadays in countries where, as the Italians say, "One hand washes the other," with the result that both of them—the unconcerned left as well as the unscrupulous right, and the country which serves as vessel for their joint ablutions—become merely fouler and fouler. Nothing is ever done that should be, and everything is tacitly allowed that should not. So that the spiritual

aspect of those places is uncommonly like the more visible picturesqueness of medieval towns, where clash of arms and screams for help were signs for reputable citizens to nip round corners or close their shutters, lest they be murdered by the law-breakers or racked for evidence by the law.

In our case, of course, we are not dealing with such "live-and-let-live" rogues and ruffians. It is a question (as already hinted) of how we stand in our own eyes. Can we, conscientiously, logically, object to others doing what we have done ourselves?

And here we come upon a curious fact about that glass-houses proverb. Its cynicism (and proverbs are mostly cynical, whether they be quoted from Solomon or from Sancho Panza) is saved, nay almost sanctified, by the coincidence that a moralist, who was neither Solomon nor Sancho Panza, once made an undying remark about not throwing stones. He was speaking, you remember, to Pharisees; and since His speech, the fear of behaving like a Pharisee has beset all persons who were Pharisees already. I venture to call them such, because the dread of being self-righteous paralyses whatever righteousness we may be possessed of, and at the same time increases our interest in ourself, making us think over-much of the hygiene of our little private soul, which is wholesome and indeed of any consequence only when it joins in the give-and-take of other souls, their work, and their play, and their fray. And this self-conscious purity is the only kind of Pharisaism which really matters, since hypocrites begin to be dangerous only when they deceive themselves before their neighbors. As regards that saying of Christ's, it should surely not be taken as permitting the adulteress to go on in her adulteries, and the Pharisees in theirs, let alone any stray sinner who might be minded to join their indulgent and self-indulgent society. The stone, the literal flint or quartz those men had picked up from the ground of Palestine, was wrenched from them by Christ, and in the hands of genius and of holiness, miraculously turned into a sharp, spiritual wedge, lodging in our own heart, and, with the fever of its wound, cleansing out all past adulteries, and making the new soul-tissues immune against all similar infection. Such is the purification by imaginative shame, the mystery of fellow-feeling that purges away the readiness for sin; and it is surely this (one of the awfulest of real life's various spiritual sacraments) to which those words allude, about the Pharisees and their readiness to stone.

But, as to us wide-minded and well-mannered latter-day moralists, we have confused it with the proverb about glass-houses. We turn our sense of self-consistency, not towards rigor with ourselves, but leniency with others. Instead of cutting ourselves off from our past and faulty self (which is one meaning, surely, of cutting off the peccant member), we prudently unite ourselves in silence with the present scandal of other folks, which will doubtless unite them with some possible future scandal of ours. Our preoccupation in morals, as in politics, is being ready to withstand attack; and one might almost say that we are cultivating a safe system of more or less cordial understandings with various kinds of evil-doing. We would all rather be cynics than risk being called Pharisees. And, therefore, as remarked, so much execution can be done (and abetted) with the proverb about glass-houses and their inmates.

VERNON LEE.

GRAVEL AND A SNAIL.

THE garden path is sinking into its clay by some process of osmosis that has never been adequately explained, and we have sent for a load of gravel. We have ordered it with all the assurance with which we used to order coal, and have no doubt that it will be found in the proper place. In fact, some parts of the earth seem to be composed of gravel and others of clay. One has only to move earth from one place to another. If you watch carefully a very favorable river, you may see gravel in the course of being made—perhaps enough for the garden

path in the course of a few years. The frosts carve masses from the solid rock. The large ones become boulders, and, in a few thousand years, gravel stones. The others are rolled in the stream at once, jogged on by the torrent, ground and polished against its rocky bed, rolled by the less impetuous brook, and finally sorted by the river and strewn in beds according to their size. The torrent grinds the pebbles one against the other and against the rocky bottom, the strong river carries them, the weak river of lower levels puts them down in the slack of the bend, puts sand among them in still weaker mood, and makes gravel.

That seems all very well, but how do we account for the fact that there are patches of gravel on the tops of hills, in terraces high on the sides of valleys, and even in trenches deep under the beds of existing rivers? The matter might be explained, or at any rate a very forcible theory illustrated, by a simple game of mud puddings. We should take a tea-tray and fill it with a not too conservative clay, slope it very gently down its greater length, give it a heaped supply of sand at the top end (to represent mountains of hard stone), and water it with a very fine rose. The sandy water would run at first all over the clay, then it would find a channel, possibly down the centre, into which more and more of the supplies from the mountains would flow. The first scum of sand would remain all over, but the main and tributary valleys would become cleaner and cleaner clay, so long as the elevation of the tray gave the river a scouring force. When its bed had become flat and also the rain in the mountains less torrential, the little stream in the middle would meander, as deposited sand choked its bed, and there would be sand laid down more or less all over a flat-bottomed valley, with a dead river occupying a small space in the middle. Now, if we gave the tray a fresh tilt, a smaller valley would begin to be cut in this lower plateau, and again we should get a clean clay gorge between lesser heights crowned with—gravel.

That is just one of the ways in which Nature cuts her cameos which used to puzzle us so much before we had a proper conception of her forces and her opportunities. We mean it to illustrate in particular the story of the Thames Valley, which Mr. Walter Johnson tells very well in one of the most interesting sections of his book, "Wimbledon Common" (Fisher Unwin). Standing at the level of that Common, whose gravel more or less matches that of Hampstead and of Dartford Heath, he sees the Thames cut its wide gorge in the London clay till it is thirty feet deep. There, the river reaches its grade, and unable to carry further the gravel that its head-waters bring, lays it down in the bends of many meanderings all over the valley. Then Nature tilts the tray again, and much of the lower gravel (to be called hereafter that of the 100-foot terrace) is picked up and carried on. The centre gorge sinks through the clay another fifty feet. Again the grade is reached, and the 50-foot terrace matching to-day at Kensington, Stoke Newington, and Erith is laid down. Again the land rises, this time only twenty feet, and when the river has done its new work, its gravel is spread only twenty-five feet above its present bed. Yet the next tilt of the tray sent the Thames boring down a full sixty feet below the 20-foot terrace, that is at least forty feet below the present bed of the river. Then Nature took a fresh whim and, instead of raising the land, lowered it to its present level. The Thames went more than dead. It covered up its nethermost gravel with alluvium, through which it afterwards wormed rather than cut its present placid way to the sea.

Will the lowering of the land, which is the latest turn of events, go on till the Thames or some other river flows again over the top of Wimbledon Common, and till the sea flows over it again a hundred fathoms deep? Perhaps. It is a question that does not concern us—first, because it is very remote; and, secondly, because we cannot tell whether or no it will be. On the other hand, the equally remote events that are past will constantly interest us, because by great diligence we can find out what they were. Mr. Johnson has satisfied himself with comparative ease as to how all the terraces below Wimbledon

were produced, but he is not even geologically certain as to what there was on Wimbledon before there was a Thames at all. He thinks that the London basin was then part of a large lake whose outlet was dammed somewhere out in the North Sea by "a tall mass or lobe of ice, spreading towards the southern end of the sea" . . . "The boulder clay is being spread out. . . Tiny ice-floes, perchance, will detach themselves, and get carried hither and thither by currents across the 'lake.' As the floes melt, they will drop their included pebbles."

Forthwith the view is very much widened. It is clear that our tea-tray has far-reaching connections. When we tilt the Thames valley, we cannot very well help tilting a good deal more of the earth's surface either up or down. The carving of the London clay may be connected with the elevation of the Alps, for it is generally conceded that the clay is older than the Alps. An elevation of six hundred feet over all, which would not make a mountain of Hindhead, would join Ireland to Wales and Scotland, bridge the Channel, make a hill of the Dogger Bank, bring Iceland to the Continent, and make Atlantis begin to reappear. A lift of three thousand feet would leave Ben Lomond far short of the Matterhorn, yet it would join Europe to America. By pushing off the Gulf Stream and shutting the Arctic from its warming influence, it might sprinkle our country with glaciers and thus bring back the Ice Age.

It would be strange if we found in a living creature on this Wimbledon Common a better witness to the great Ice Age, or at any rate to its cause, than the Norwegian granite that strews the plain of Yorkshire. It would be a discovery of good omen, too, for there is nothing that scientists have quarrelled about so much as this same Ice Age. Some must have two Ice Ages, or three, or even six to account for the intrusion of tropical creatures like the rhinoceros in the boulder clay. Others must have a new kind of rhinoceros, either one of boreal habits or of a wonderful range of summer migration. A few, like Dr. Scharff, are so daring as to postulate an Ice Age to all intents warmer than the present, and to give our glaciers and ice-sheets somewhat the local importance that belongs to-day to the glaciers of the tropics. We have but to join Europe and America, thus doubling the sub-Arctic land surface and cutting off the Gulf Stream, and the thing is done. The increased warmth of the southern shore of the Icelandic continent, by increasing the snow-fall in the north, puts the land under glaciers running from Norway to Lincolnshire, and may yet make Essex and valleys in Yorkshire ideal resorts for the hippopotamus.

As witness that this thing has been done, let us call from the thousand that Dr. Scharff could call the humble garden snail. *Helix hortensis* is a typical snail of Western Europe, and it is also found in America. Carried there by the Puritans in a bundle of cabbages? Nay, it is found in the kitchen-middens on the coast of Maine, and lest even palæolithic man should claim to have taken it across the Atlantic, its shell is also found in the Pleistocene deposits there, and it is found again alive in Labrador on the trail that it would have traversed on a land bridge between Wimbledon and Portland, Maine. For the army of other creatures that must have crossed the Atlantic on foot, the reader must refer to Dr. Scharff's latest large book on the "Distribution and Origin of Life in America" (Constable). He will there find a rope of evidence spun from as many threads, and of the same cumulative strength as that by which Darwin proved his theory of evolution. We are not sure that there is not something more fascinating in these living witnesses than in the old stone arguments. It is well to pick up a fossil sea-urchin on the top of a hill, and know thereby that the hill was once deep beneath the sea. It is even more startling to learn from a living wood-louse the otherwise unfathomable secrets of land once dry, but now mile-deep beneath the Atlantic. It is comparable with that inability in a Welshman's tongue to pronounce "quinque" that supplies the lack of ogams and other evidence carven in stone, and tells us that here the Brythons colonised and not the Goidels.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

"HOAR, HIGH-TEMPLED FAITH."

FROM the haste and roaring of the Tubes, those modern Catacombs—from the varied associations of Caxton Hall, and scenes of Hot-cross-bun revelry with which the English people love to celebrate a solemn fast, how great and sudden was the change upon entering the Cathedral! Passing from the garish life of a modern city into the shadow of Catholicism, one can still recall the curious surprise with which a cultured Greek or a Celtic savage of the second century came upon some Christian scene of worship in the midst of Rome or in a haunted wilderness. Under that ancient symbolism one may still perceive the strange and disturbing spirit of a new religion, cleaving the world like a sword, but setting a guard at every gate by which the four unseen Powers of Covetousness, Presumption, Sloth, and Despair might break in and assault the Christian soul. One may feel the charm of a confidence that never in this life excluded the weakest and the poorest from the hope of a final victory.

"Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania? Why have the nations raged, and the peoples imagined vain things?" "Astiterunt reges terræ, et principes convenerunt in unum. The Kings of the earth have stood up, and the rulers have taken counsel together against the Lord, and against his Christ."

With those words the Matins for Good Friday begin. On the very day of apparent failure and defeat, the note of confident rebellion is at once struck. The authority of this world, whether vested in popular clamor or in the rule of Emperors and Kings, is at once defied. "He that dwells in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." It is a superb opening for a day of death and lamentation. It is like an army celebrating an overwhelming defeat by "feux de joie" and Te Deums. How should the world, though supported by all the forces of arms, laws, government offices, traditions, customs, and easy-going habits, ever hope to resist a spirit of rebellion so cheerful and defiant under disaster?

Rebellion against the world—not only against external standards of virtue and the accepted compromises of pleasurable life, but against the world's rational thought and ways of argument—that was the passion which filled the great Cathedral with varying crowds all day long. "Now he is dead!" says the best of the world's reason, sorrowful with considerate regret:—

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies,
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down."

But the varying crowds paid no attention to what the world's best reason might be saying, or to its considerate regret. "Credo quia impossibile," they cried in answer; "I believe because it is impossible. It is absurd, therefore it is true." Against such passionate determination to believe, worldly reasonings and historic investigations fall as helpless as the heathen when they furiously raged together.

So there stood the varying crowds, thronging in such numbers that at no hour of the twelve was the enormous space much short of full, and at some hours it was crammed. They were largely composed of grown men, and very largely of the poor. The smell of poverty, universal in all nations but particularly noticeable in our own, pervaded the whole building all day. Dr. Jowett is reported once to have remarked: "Dr. Newman's book is much occupied with the difference between the Roman and Anglican forms of Christianity—not, one would have thought, a matter of great importance." Perhaps not, in the sense in which Jowett used the words; but the presence of so many men all Good Friday, and of so many of the poor, does seem to mark some really important distinction.

To the stranger like myself, brought up to regard a "Papist" as further removed from grace than the blindest heathen (for the heathen might live to adorn a missionary meeting, but when I was first shown a

"Papist" I was fascinated with horror at the sight of a creature who would without doubt burn everlastingly)—to the ignorant and unaccustomed stranger there is always much attraction in a Catholic service. It is not merely the pomp and splendor, the beauty and æsthetic charm, almost irresistible as those are. It is far more a kind of innocent simplicity under which, for example, the children may smile and walk about unreprieved by black looks, just like the dogs in Italian pictures of Christ's life. It is the gracious simplicity under which there is no terror of being "late for church," or of finding the family pew filled up. The services were ordained for an age of plenteous time—for an age when time was not money, but the converse of eternity, and a seasonable preparation for an immortal state. If everyone came late, or if no "congregation" congregated at all, the services would proceed exactly in the same manner. I am not sure whether the sermon would be preached to an entirely empty church; but then, the sermon hardly counts as even a passing incident in the whole. It is not the centre or climax, as it used to be in the English and Scottish churches to which one was accustomed to be dragged last century. The chief purpose of "going to church" in those days was to listen to a preacher's admonition and discourse rather than to worship and adore. Very likely that is all changed now, but the Roman Church has not needed the change.

It is true there is the difficulty of the language—not merely a foreign, but an obsolete or "dead" language, as we say; and not a very good example of that language either. Among those vast crowds on Good Friday, hardly one per thousand could have recognised or translated more than four phrases. Nor would scholarship have helped them much. Some of us had spent many years in learning Latin, but there was not one who, coming to the service for the first time, could have understood a single word of the chanting or recitation from morning till night without the guidance of the service book; or if once he lost his place in the book, could ever hope to recover it. Not that everyone went thus astray. Almost the whole crowd could follow the course of the service very well, and being trained to it from their youth up, knew the exact moment to kneel or stand. But the "heartly congregational singing and prayer," to which we used to be encouraged, were necessarily excluded, and the worshippers became an audience, passively submitting to certain sensations or moods inspired by others, rather than a joint community sharing in an act.

Something was lost. In many cases, one was forced to conclude, it made very little difference whether the words and course of the service were followed or not. The effect sought was a general feeling of calm, of elevation or sorrow under the influence of solemn associations, sights, and sounds. But even in churches where the service is in English, where the meaning of the words is thoroughly understood, and everyone joins in repeating them, we find that mere repetition and use blunt the realisation of their sense. Otherwise, we should not hear whole congregations shouting for the rest of Paradise, when the very last thing that anyone present really longs for is death. The use of English does not ensure sincerity, while the retention of the medieval Latin supplies the sense of universality, and the consecration given by historic use. There are many reasons why Roman Catholics are as a rule so free from vulgarity. It is partly a matter of race, for the dominant and aggressive races are the vulgar, and for the most part they are not Catholic. It is largely due to the continual presence of a beautiful and religious symbolism that consecrates every event of ordinary life from birth to the last unction of the departing soul. But, something, I think, must also be attributed to the sense of a common brotherhood and wide understanding among Catholics of every nation; and this sense is fostered by the knowledge that, whether the wanderer enters a church in Rome or in some unknown Albanian village devastated by Turks, the language of the services will everywhere be the same as when the Christianity of Europe was still

at odds with Paganism, which would win. The language, with all its deep historic associations, will be the same, and against vulgarity the historic sense of a great tradition is a sure preservative.

In one part of the "Mass of the Presanctified" (or of the Host consecrated on the previous day), which is the chief service of Good Friday, even Greek has been retained. The priest had gradually revealed the Cross to the people. Laying the Crucifix upon a kind of couch before the altar, he had prepared it for the Adoration, during which whoever will may come to kiss its feet. The two sides of the choir, ranged behind the High Altar, sang alternate verses of a psalm representing Christ as reproaching the Jews for their ingratitude after the divine aid so often given them in their history. Both in language and purport it appeared of great antiquity, and in the intervals between the verses one half of the choir sang Greek responses, which the other half translated into Latin. "Agius, athanatos, eleison imas"; "Sanctus, immortalis, miserere nobis"—so the responses ran, perhaps recalling by symbol the happy days before the Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople was separated from the Western Church.

When they had sung the ancient unrhymed hymn of "Crux fidelis inter omnes," with its alternate chorus of "Dulce lignum," a procession was formed up to visit the place or "Sepulchre" where the Host had been put the day before, and to bring it back to the altar. For this purpose a bishop set out under the cover of a large canopy, supported by eight long poles of white and gold. In front marched a youth dressed in a maroon robe and white lace bands, bearing a long crimson wand. Behind him a black-robed figure carried a huge silver mace, inlaid with enamels. Then came the choir, singing the still more ancient hymn, "Vexilla regis prodeunt"—the sixth-century form of "The Son of God goes forth to war," as one might call it. Behind the canopy marched a courtly figure that might have stood for Dumas's Athos—a seventeenth-century figure, all in black, with silk stockings, shining pumps, ruffles, and a silver-handled rapier, telling, perhaps, like the mace, of days when the Host needed protection to the death, as it might need to-day if the procession crossed the porch into the Westminster streets. Then followed a long troop of some lay but pious Order, robed in crimson and black, and behind them a smaller body of devout ladies in black mantillas, followed by three Daughters of Mary in pale blue and white. Slowly the procession moved down the north aisle to the chapel of the Sacrament, and up the central nave, bearing back the Sacrifice of yesterday; for on Good Friday no new Host is sanctified.

When the ceremony was over, a Jesuit, following the recent practice of his Order, so freely adopted by the modern Anglican priesthood, preached for three hours on the Seven Words, allowing intervals between each subject of discourse. The three hours having passed, the service of the Stations of the Cross succeeded, and a great crowd followed the priest from Station to Station round the side aisles of the Cathedral, joining in the second half of the Lord's Prayer and in the responses, and listening attentively to the short exhortation read from a book at each pause, for in this service English is used throughout.

"O vos omnes qui transitis per viam—O all ye that pass by this way, attend and see if there be any grief like unto my grief." To compel attention to a sorrow so profound was the purpose of the following office of "Tenebræ." Being part of the Matins and Lauds for Holy Saturday, it was said after midnight in days of more strenuous faith; but owing to the weakness of man's nature and the stress of city life, it is now taken on Good Friday evening, and its gloom was for a time lightened by the sunset penetrating through the windows. In accordance with traditional symbolism, a triangular candlestick with fifteen lighted candles was set against a pillar on the epistle side of the altar, while above the altar itself six candles burnt. The service consisted chiefly of mournful Psalms and readings from St. Paul and St. Augustine. After each Psalm, one of the fifteen candles was extinguished, leaving only the candle at the

top alight. When the fourteen were out, the canticle of "Benedictus" was sung, one of the six candles above the altar being extinguished at the end of every second verse. At the recital of a verse describing the treacherous kiss of Judas, the remaining light at the top of the triangle was taken down and hidden behind the altar. At the same time the lights throughout the whole Cathedral were extinguished, except that the choir was left just enough light by which to chant the Psalm of "Miserere," in barely audible tones, to music that was once the secret of the Sistine Chapel. Light of all kinds was then put out, and the great church was left in complete darkness, except where the dim remains of the day made it visible.

A voice was heard repeating the prayer, "Respice, quæsumus, Domine—Look down, O Lord, we beseech Thee, on this Thy family;" but before the prayer was finished, that voice also died away. Then, to quote the rubric of the service book, "a noise is made to represent the confusion of Nature at the death of its Author; and when the lighted candle, to denote His resurrection from the dead, is produced from behind the altar, all rise up and depart in silence."

"O, hide me in your gloom profound,
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!"

So cries the voice even of regretful reason; and, in any case, mankind, always clinging so passionately to vanished time, would celebrate so great an anniversary. But it is not merely an historic anniversary that is thus celebrated; and even less than by bread does man live by reason alone.

H. W. N.

The Drama.

THE LIMBS OF ORPHEUS.

"Othello," produced by Sir Herbert Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre.

ORPHEUS was a famous minstrel, of divine origin, whose lute softened the hard hearts of the divinities of Hell, while men and dumb beasts, trees, and even the "mountain-tops that freeze," danced to its measure. But Orpheus fell among barbarians, who tore him limb from limb, so that only parts of him could be recovered, to be reverently interred by the Muses, and watered by their tears, while his lute was hung up in heaven among the stars. The fate of Orpheus is also the fate of our own English singer. Shakspeare, like the mythical father of Greek poetry and civilisation, is only visible to his lovers in bleeding fragments of his immortal self. His music, like that of Orpheus, is indeed withdrawn to heavenly places; but the earthly presentment of it, in the medium in which Shakspeare worked, is so hacked and botched that only faithful memories of its beauty avail to recall the original to life. What remains of "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," what you will, is not Shakspeare—unless the literary art is a thing that can be disintegrated by men whose first aims are not, and cannot be, literary, and then squeezed into the mould of the modern spectacle.

Here, therefore, is a matter for criticism to settle before an attempt is made to discuss the specific merits of a Shaksperian production, the ability of the actors, or the propriety of their interpretations of the poet. What has the average producer done to the play? Has he attempted to give us a pure Shaksperian drama? We all know that he has done nothing of the kind. He first gives us himself; that is to say, he has gone to an imperishable work of the human spirit and deliberately fitted it (1) to his personality, (2) to his position as a great *entrepreneur*, as well as a "star" actor in his own theatre, and, (3) if you please, to his private, unchecked exegesis of the drama, and his conception of (a) how much of it is in the right place; (b) what characters ought to be set in the limelight, and what left in the shade; and (c) how much poetry, reflection, characterisation, he can omit to make time for the insertion of his dramatic

material, such as dances and musical performances, the introduction of gorgeous scenery and rich upholstery, and repeated changes of elaborate costumes. These conditions satisfied, he will serve you up goblets of Shakspeare. Being, like Sir Herbert Tree, an ingenious, grandiose, and interesting man, he will give you ingenious, grandiose, and interesting effects, which he has trained the public to look for and applaud. But as he has had slight opportunity to study his subject, he is not primarily concerned either to *feel* Shakspeare, or to *speak* him, or to *present* him.

As with him, so with his actors. A great deal of their speech in "Othello" (except Mr. George's Brabantio) I could not hear at all. Hundreds of lines—nearly all Mr. Irving's—were wrongly or poorly or too abundantly emphasised. Miss Neilson-Terry, a young actress of distinct qualities and much beauty, but apparently little charm, and as yet no power of deep emotional expression, was not given time enough to represent Desdemona at all. Some of the most pregnant lines and suggestions of personality were cut away from her. Emilia, a valuable and important person, was reduced to a shadow—a beautifully smiling and posing shadow—but robbed of nearly all the sharp and significant traits that belong to the part. Othello and Iago are indeed stressed, and over-stressed, with stagey exits and entrances for Othello, and sugared caresses for Desdemona, and largesse scattered to Cypriot crowds, and splendid inlaid armor; and for Iago, again, a hundred tricks of manner and "business." But when it came to the actual tug of the soul, Othello was treated as badly as the rest. Nothing was told of his swoon; nothing of the poignant scene with Emilia; nothing of that piteous deed, the striking of Desdemona; little of the progress and confirmation of his passion, so little that when Desdemona complains that he has called her a whore, and crushed her heart out, you realise that in Sir Herbert Tree's version, he has not done it, and that her divine sorrow is almost or quite inexplicable, for the only outrage he has visibly passed upon her is his fierce questioning about the loss of the handkerchief. Even the bed-chamber scene is a huddled presentment of several important passages of the drama crushed together. All is thus thrown out of balance. Othello almost strangles Desdemona in his first encounter with her in the handkerchief scene; and the confused and distressing cries with which the last colloquy ends and murder begins appropriately suggest the unmeaning haste which whips up Shakspeare's own dreadful speed of thought and catastrophe. "Othello," at His Majesty's, is taken at a funeral pace in some of the early passages, when it should go lightly and quickly; it merely tumbles into the horrors of its close.

In such an atmosphere, it was not possible to attune the mind to the tragedy, nor even to a calm study of the actors in it. Take Othello and Iago, and their relationship. You could canvass Mr. Laurence Irving's strange and impish gestures—his spitting on Othello's standard, his use of his dagger to stir the drugged wine (why drugged?) in Cassio's cup, his capture of a moth (like the Comic Countryman in Mr. Crummles's company) to illustrate, I suppose, the snaring of the great Othello's soul, his merciless proddings of Roderigo. But it was harder to achieve an insight into the real Iago. In the first place, all his verbal coarseness disappeared, and without coarseness one cannot understand Iago at all. He is one of the many Renaissance types that Shakspeare drew from the Borgias and Viscontis of his time—a sexual and intellectual pervert, with a cold, limited intellect, joined to a character incapable of goodness. Mr. Irving may have been right to follow his father's presentation of the lighter side of such a temperament. But Iago was on dreadful business; his speech is the exact mirror of a perverted nature, and a depraved, though intelligent, view of life. The speech was cut to ribands, and Mr. Irving was so concerned to keep the spectator's eye fixed on Iago's face—to construct indeed a comic and diverting Iago—that he forgot about Iago's character and Iago's crimes.

Sir Herbert Tree made much the same mistake with

Othello. It is hard enough for a modern to accept the psychology of this extraordinary play. Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata" performs the anatomy of jealousy with a hand as cruel as Shakspeare's, and a touch not less repugnant to gentility; but it is more intelligible than "Othello." The Moor and his bride are divine creatures, made for such happiness as this world affords; not the things of clay that Tolstoy fashioned in order to teach men and women that chastity and conventional marriage were not identical states. In "Othello" all is on a high, heroic scale. He is not sensual; no phrase, no motion, suggests that sense is the chief base of his love for Desdemona. He is simple and egoistic in the sense in which noble characters are self-interested, but not self-absorbed. Why, then, is all this fine material and fortification of wisdom overthrown almost at the first thrust of Iago's dagger? Because, says Coleridge, of Othello's simplicity; jealousy, entering the virgin soil of such a mind, sprouted at once into horrible luxuriance. And, with Desdemona soiled, all the world was soiled, and "chaos come again." Well, this is the puzzle of "Othello;" and Sir Herbert Tree passed it over. It was natural for his amorous, pawing Othello to be jealous, and with the dormant passion once roused, for him to pass at once into the moaning, growling, snarling, teeth-grashing Othello of Sir Herbert's representation. But this is not the Othello of the opening scenes of the drama, nor of its close, nor of the calmer passages—brief lulls in the brain-storm—which lie between; nor, let me add, of Sir Herbert's much more finely conceived death-scene. And in any case, a man's torment cannot be represented by continuously violent and elaborate bodily signs and contortions, as of a gorilla in trouble about its soul. Sir Herbert Tree had many gestures; I recall two or three that struck me as truly affecting. But I remember one such motion on Salvini's part, and it shook the theatre, partly no doubt because of its terrible ferocity, but also because for the rest of the scene (with Iago) the actor had remained absolutely still.

It is, indeed, this want of repose that spoils the "Othello" of His Majesty's Theatre. I see that one paper describes it as "modern," and that, in a sense, it is. Sir Herbert is himself an excellent modern actor, witness his fine presentation of Frithiof-Tolstoy in Mr. Zangwill's "The War God." But he is "modern" also in the sense that he is forced, or considers himself forced, to cater for the common eye, the common ear, the common taste; that, therefore, he is led—as his greater predecessor, Irving, was led—to excessive and ever-changing appeal to all these types of commonness. And the fatal implication of this choice is that he cannot produce Shakspeare, cannot let Shakspeare's poetry be spoken on his stage; cannot body forth Shakspeare's philosophy; cannot reproduce the essential march of Shakspeare's tragedy. The sensitive eye and ear must thus be always pained by such work, however superficially attractive it may be; the more delicate imagination, brooding over loveliness such as Desdemona's and haplessness such as Othello's, must shrink from such coarse approaches to the soul and shrine of beauty. All is wrong here, and it is to the shame of English criticism that, with so intelligent and open-minded a public servant as Sir Herbert Tree, a serious effort has not been made to set him right.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE CHARM OF PERSIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should like, if you will permit me, to thank you for the article—full of sympathy and insight—which appeared under the above title in your issue of April 6th. The charm of Persian literature, art, and philosophy captures all who study them; while the charm of the Persian people, witty, clever, tasteful, and sympathetic generally, and capable (as many who know them best have testified) of rare devotion and self-sacrifice for the sake of any person or

cause which appeals to their deeper emotions, took hold of me ever since I made my first Persian friends, now nearly thirty years ago, so that to me they will always be, however grievous their fate and however cruel their destiny, a chosen people, unique and apart from all other nations. But what I think few, even amongst their best friends and most ardent admirers, had anticipated six years ago was the tenacity, courage, self-restraint and self-devotion which so many of them, especially of the middle classes, have shown in their gallant struggle for national independence and decent government. It has suited a large portion of our financially-ruled Press to mock at their efforts, disparage their patriotism, and misrepresent the real facts of their long and desperate struggle against the ill-will of one great Empire and the selfish indifference of another; and I doubt if even the unprovoked brutalities of the Russian Government have aroused in Persia a deeper sense of resentment and indignation than the ill-timed sneers and shameless suppressions and perversions of notorious facts which have characterised some of the most influential organs of the British Press. No doubt, if one is responsible for a fellow-creature's death or ruin, it is a consolation if one can persuade one's self that he would certainly have died shortly in any case, and that his life was of little value to himself and none to anyone else, and I take these articles of the leading Unionist organs (which are the chief supporters of Sir Edward Grey and his deplorable foreign policy) to be the outward sign of an uneasy conscience at the part played by Great Britain in a political crime no whit inferior to that partition of Poland which we were taught in our childhood to execrate.

Concerning the brutalities of the Russians in Persia, especially at Tabriz, Resht, and—more lately—at Meshed, I have received from trustworthy sources, both Persian and European, a mass of information, some part of which I have published in the "Manchester Guardian," the one daily paper which, as I think, honorably and worthily maintains the old Liberal tradition in matters of foreign policy. I must not trespass on your space by entering into details here, and, much as the facts have been glossed over or ignored, they are doubtless known in outline to you, and to all who have followed the recent course of events in Persia. Of the three cities chiefly involved, Tabriz, the stronghold of the constitutional movement, has suffered most; and though, according to the latest accounts, public executions have almost ceased, the distress is terrible, trade being at a standstill, provisions scarce and dear, and terror and mourning brooding over many households, while the schools are closed, the newspapers suppressed, and an artificial bread-famine has been created by Samad Khan Shujá-ud-Dawla, the well-known supporter of the ex-Shah, whom the Russians have permitted to usurp the government of Azarbaiján. The number of persons executed by the Russians and by him is not, and possibly never will be, known, but it probably amounts to some 200; while, in one way or another, some thousands of the inhabitants have lost their lives by violence or starvation since Christmas Day, and many more have fled across the frontier into Turkey, where they are in a state of grievous destitution. But it must be remembered that it was the best and bravest of the Constitutionalists who were hanged by the Russians; men like the venerable and learned Sikat-ul-Islam, the chief ecclesiastic of Azarbaiján; Shaykh Salim, the orator; Ziyá'ut Ulamá, who knew three European languages, and was well versed in Western as well as Eastern sciences, and was head of the Court of Appeal; promising young officers like Sádik-ul-Mulk; Liberal journalists like Mirzá Ahmad Suhayli; founders of schools and promoters of education like Májji Ali Dawa-Mirúsh; leading national volunteers like Muhammad Uskú'i and Mirzá Aghá Bálá; and even mere boys of twelve and eighteen, like Kádír and Masan, sons of the late Kerbelá'í Ali, a prominent national volunteer. Many houses were blown up with dynamite, and the Arg, or Citadel, one of the finest monuments of the thirteenth century in Persia, was destroyed.

In Resht similar deeds were done, though on a smaller scale. The Russian attack was entirely unprovoked, and their first act was to destroy the chief printing-press, shoot down seventeen harmless bystanders, and disarm and terrorise the Persian police. Having hanged the Chief of

Police, the Shaykh-ul-Islám of Langarúd and two others, and destroyed another printing-press (the Khayr-ul-Kalám), the Russian Consul issued a proclamation declaring the province of Gilán (of which Resht is the capital) to be under the protection (!) of the Emperor of Russia, and its administration entrusted to himself.

The last outrage, of which particulars have only just reached me, is the desecration of the Mosque of the Imám Rizá, the most holy sanctuary in Persia. Details of this I am sending to the "Manchester Guardian," and it is sufficient to say here that, having stirred up trouble by means of a certain Yúsuf Khán of Herát, an active supporter of the ex-Shah, the Russian Consul-General, Prince Dabija, ordered the commander of the Russian troops to "deal with the situation," with the result that, on the evening of Saturday, March 30th, the great and beautiful Mosque, which for a thousand years has been the object of pilgrimage to thousands of Shi'a Mohammedans from all parts of Persia and the adjacent countries, was ruthlessly bombarded and entered by the Russian soldiers and Cossacks, who have stabled their horses in the courtyard of this holy place, looted many of its priceless treasures, and killed some forty or fifty persons who were in the sanctuary. In short, the Russians have acted in the twentieth century as the Ghuzz Turks acted in the twelfth, and the Mongols in the thirteenth. Concerning the former, the poet Anwari wrote a very celebrated poem, known as "The Tears of Khurásán," of which one verse is so appropriate to what happened only a fortnight ago that I cannot refrain from quoting Kirkpatrick's fine paraphrase of it, which is as follows:—

"The Mosque no more admits the pious race;
Constrained, they yield to beasts the holy place,
A stable now, where dome nor porch is found:
Nor can the savage foe proclaim his reign.
For Khorassania's criers all are slain,
And all her pulpits levelled with the ground."

It is hard to write calmly of these things, and harder still not to despair of a "civilisation" which permits and condones them. And when not only high financiers and prominent politicians but Bishops of the Church of England flock from this country to fraternise with the reactionary Russian Government and seek a *rapprochement* with the intolerant and obscurantist Russian Church, one may be forgiven for fearing that our modern civilisation is only a highly-polished barbarism, and that the teachings of Christ have been displaced by the doctrines of Nietzsche and Max Nordau.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. BROWNE, F.B.A.

April 10th, 1912.

THE SUSPENSION OF THE CROATIAN CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the moment when your extremely interesting article on "Hungary and the Crown" was already in the hands of the printers, the Hungarian crisis has been still further complicated by the suspension of the Croatian Constitution. The periodical blows which the Russian Duma and Government have directed against the constitutional rights of Finland have evoked weighty protests from the leading jurists of Europe and from many prominent politicians and journalists. But the suspension of Croatian liberties—not in the name of some autocratic Tsar, but by order of the Premier of the oldest constitutional State on the Continent of Europe, of that Hungary which, not many years ago, filled Europe with complaints of her treatment at the hands of Austria—is in danger of passing unobserved. And yet, if we leave natural sympathies aside, and regard the matter solely from the standpoint of international politics, the fate of Croatia is of infinitely greater importance than that of Finland. For Croatia lies not on the distant Baltic, but in the very centre of the European organism; and no decision affecting the future of the Eastern Adriatic, or, indeed, of the Balkan Peninsula as a whole, can be satisfactory or permanent, if the ten million Croats and Serbs are left out of account. This fact, which is already patent to all statesmen of European horizon, has been accentuated by the growing movement in favor of Croato-Serb Unity, which has gathered fuel from the repressive measures adopted by successive Bans, acting on orders from Budapest.

The elections of December, 1911, which outdid even the Hungarian elections of 1910 for sheer corruption and violence, ended none the less in a victory for the Opposition parties; the resulting situation, involving the resignation of Dr. Tomasie, has already been ably described in the columns of THE NATION by my friend Mr. Lupis. The new Ban, Mr. Cuvaj, did not even attempt to negotiate with the parties, but dissolved the Diet before it had even met, and proceeded to govern with a high hand. His attitude to the press is best revealed by the fact that 224 confiscations of newspapers occurred within a single month. But so far from attaining any success, he only aroused a storm of indignation throughout Croatia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia. Demonstrations took place in all the principal towns and culminated in a remarkable strike movement among all the students and school children in the Southern Slav provinces of the Monarchy. Cuvaj's repression brought the impossible to pass; the rival Opposition parties, the Croato-Serb Coalition and the once anti-Serb Party of Right, concluded an agreement for electoral co-operation, and adopted as their joint programme the demand for Croatia's financial independence. Cuvaj's answer, the suspension of the constitution by royal decree, is an admission that no Government, however unscrupulous, can hope to obtain a Unionist, or Magyarophil, majority at the polls. The old Unionist Party has ceased to exist; the Ban's only supporters are a tiny handful of officials, utterly out of touch with the nation at large. As the government has neither party nor programme, it has taken refuge in an open dictatorship.

The decrees published by Mr. Cuvaj, as "Royal Commissioner," declare that the elections due in the middle of April will not take place, suspend the not too-liberal law of public assembly, and greatly extend the political powers of the police. The special decree regulating the press is one of the most remarkable of its kind, without a parallel in Western Europe since the days of Silvio Pellico. A double preventive censorship is established on the following lines: When a newspaper is in type, one copy—but only one—is to be printed and submitted to the police, who, after an interval of two hours, grant permission to print. If, however, the police confiscate anything in the paper, then no further copies may be printed, and all gaps must be filled in in such a way that the reader cannot guess that any confiscation has taken place, and then the same process of submitting to the police, with a further delay of two hours, must be gone through again. Even then the paper is subject to the independent censorship of the Public Prosecutor.

The first result of this decree has been that "Dom," the organ of the Peasant Party, whose leader, Dr. Radic, is already in prison, has been forced to cease publication, and, of course, Cuvaj's aim is to reduce the entire Opposition press to silence.

In thus suspending the Constitution of the sister-country, the Magyar oligarchy finally abdicates all claim to the sympathies of Europe; and in the further stages of the struggle between Hungary and the Crown, it will be well for the foreign reader to bear Croatia's fate in mind.

The Southern Slav question should be of especial interest to British readers at the present moment; for Croatia furnishes the only Continental analogy to the position which Ireland will occupy when the Irish Home Rule Bill has become law. It is a strange irony of fate that Croatian autonomy should have been annulled on the very eve of the introduction of a measure of autonomy for Ireland.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

Ayton House, Abernethy,
April 11th, 1912.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your interesting article on "The Coal Strike," in last week's NATION, it is stated, "We agree with the Bishop of Hull, that the living wage is the legitimate first charge upon industry." The statement has been attributed to the Bishop of Hull frequently in the press during the last few weeks. I have no doubt that his Lordship used the expressions; but was he not, consciously or unconsciously, quoting?

In a Lenten Address given at Christ Church, Newgate Street, during the spring of 1909, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, laid down the principle that "the first charge on capital must be the just and adequate remuneration of the producer." The irrepressible murmur of assent which it evoked from a congregation of clerks, business men, merchants, artisans, and the little knot of C.S.U. women, can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to listen to that remarkable and most moving address.—Yours, &c.,

E. PATTESON NICKALLS.

1, Sloane Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.

April 10th, 1912.

[We are inclined to think that Miss Patteson Nickalls is right. The Bishop of Oxford's letter in Thursday's "Times" shows that the policy of regarding the living wage as a first charge on industry is his.—ED., NATION.]

THE PRIMATE AND THE COAL STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I understand that some of my Socialist friends are about to make a "Remonstrance" to the Primate with reference to the coal strike.

If they are inclined to follow the Pauline custom, and praise men for their virtues before rebuking them for their vices, they would do well to remember two facts:—

1. The Primate ordered the prayer for unity in the Accession Service to be used during the strike. That prayer speaks of "the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions." I remember, more than thirty years ago, in a clerical society, insisting that those divisions were social, and not merely ecclesiastical. The Primate was a member of that society. My interpretation was considered eccentric and ridiculous. I am glad now to have it endorsed.

2. The Primate selected for use at the Mass during the strike a passage of St. Paul's, which contains the celebrated sentence: "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor." The students of Henry George—among whom the Primate must be reckoned—have constantly quoted this sentence in support of their efforts to put a stop to that robbery which is known as "landlordism."

It is well, indeed, that the chief minister of the Church should recognise that no mere minimum wage, no mere right to strike, will settle our labor troubles until the great means by which material wealth is produced becomes the property of the whole body of the people to whom it rightly belongs. Then, and not till then, our "unhappy divisions" will cease.—Yours, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM.

Wavertree, St. Margaret's.

April 10th, 1912.

THE ITALIANS IN TRIPOLI.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I remarked once before, in the columns of THE NATION, it is impossible to deal with the Tripoli question in the restricted space of a weekly paper, but if Mr. Richard Bagot does me the honor to buy a book of mine on Tripoli, which will be published in a few weeks, he will find this subject of the Tripoli massacres fully dealt with. He can afterwards, if he likes, reply in another volume.

Here I shall confine myself to his statement that:—

"Mr. McCullagh himself was not present at these massacres. He and his friends were not in the oasis."

I do not know where Mr. Bagot got this information, but I hope he did not get it from the source which inspired his contradictory, but equally dogmatic, assertion in the "Spectator" of February 17th, that:—

"The journalists and others who described in such glowing language Italian cruelty in the suppression of the Arab revolt were many miles away from Tripoli during that suppression."

At the end of October last, General Caneva occupied the town of Tripoli and a small portion of the oasis. Either I was in the oasis on the occasion in question or in the

town. But Mr. Bagot asserts in THE NATION that I was "not in the oasis," and in the "Spectator" that I was not in the town. If both these assertions are true, then I could only have been in the sea or in the desert, for the Italian line was round the town in a semi-circle, with a radius of less than three miles, counting from the landing-stage.

I beg to assure Mr. Bagot that I was in the oasis while the massacres were going on, and that I saw those massacres with my own eyes. I entered the oasis at daybreak on October 26th. An officer stopped me, but allowed me to proceed after seeing my papers; and I went on alone until I came to a point within fifty yards of the extreme front, where I found bluejackets lying behind sandbags on the road, and where the Arabs, who kept up an incessant fire, were not 100 yards distant. On this occasion I met with many Italian officers, conversed with them, and showed them my papers. Most of my non-Italian fellow-correspondents will testify that I was in the oasis. No correspondent, Italian or non-Italian, has yet asserted that I was not in the oasis.

If I had not been in the oasis, the fact would have been known to everybody, for Tripoli is a very small place, with only one decent hotel, in which nearly all the correspondents were crammed, and the proprietor of which, Signor Aquilina, is, though Maltese, violently pro-Italian. The only other place which the correspondents frequented, was the ex-Turkish military "club" on the sea-front. If I had passed all my time in either of these places during the oasis massacres, the fact would have been made known long ago.

When I returned my papers to General Caneva, left the country, and publicly denounced the Italian soldiers as assassins, a strict inquiry was made as to the whereabouts of myself and my friends on the days of the massacre. That inquiry proved that I had been in the oasis, and had seen everything. Had it been otherwise, I would have been at once denounced by every correspondent in Tripoli. But the utmost that was said against my friends and myself was that we had not had the courage to go outside the Italian lines into the desert in order to see the way in which the Italian dead had been mutilated. Signor Luigi Barzini made this statement in the "Corriere della Sera," of November 13th, and, I think, in the "Daily Telegraph" of the same date. But there was fighting going on when I visited the advanced posts, and I came back into the oasis and saw the massacres. Mr. Barzini and his friends remained at the front, and did not see the massacres.

Take another paper, the "New York Herald," of Paris. For some reason or other the millionaire editor of this paper has been ferociously pro-Italian since the beginning of the war. My denunciation of Italian barbarity seemed absolutely to madden him, for he attacked me even in leading articles. He was exceedingly anxious, however, to get some facts which would render my testimony valueless, by proof that I had not been in the oasis at all when the massacres occurred. He wired to his Tripoli correspondent, Signor Tullio Giordana, an Italian who is himself strongly in favor of this war, asking him to investigate my account of the massacres. Mr. Giordana did so, but he did not say that I was not in the oasis, he did not say that I was untruthful. He merely confined himself to the usual conventional but quite illogical rejoinder of the Italians that the Arabs had begun it.

I could quote volumes of such testimony. But I put it to Mr. Bagot, does he think it possible that, having come all the way from London to Tripoli in order to witness the military operations, I should neglect to go out into the oasis from October 23rd to October 28th, while the massacre—or, as the Italians euphemistically call it, "il dramma sinistro della repressione"—was going on there? The distance between the Hotel Minerva and the Bedouin village where the worst case of massacre occurred is less than the distance from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey. The only excuse for my not going would be cowardice or extreme sensitiveness. If I had been cowardly or extremely sensitive, I would have selected some other profession. But in the present instance there was no danger, for it was a simple butchery of unarmed people.

And even if I were so dishonest as to say that I saw things which I had not seen, is it possible that practically all my non-Italian colleagues would have acted in the same way?

To turn to another point, Mr. Bagot says:—

"The whole of this very deplorable campaign of misrepresentation and exaggeration on the part of Mr. McCullagh is due entirely to the fact that, as he himself admits, Arabs form the sources to which he and his friends have gone in order to obtain confirmation of their assertions."

And why should we not have gone to Arab sources for confirmation of our assertions? Were we obliged to take only the evidence of Italians? When Northern Italy tried fifty years ago to shake off the Austrian yoke, Englishmen did not close their ears to Italian evidence and accept only the Ballplatz version of events.

Mr. Bagot asserts that "by Mr. McCullagh's own showing they (the correspondents) were not in a position to obtain their information as to Italian cruelty save by conversing with Arabs." I never said any such thing.

It is true that I had a native who furnished me with information, but he was a Jew, and the Tripolitan Jews are, for some reason or other, more Italian than the Italians themselves. They cheer the Italian soldiers whenever they pass through the Jewish quarter, and they are in mortal dread of the Turks returning. This fact is notorious. Nobody can deny it. Now this Jewish dragoon of mine never by any chance said anything against the Italians or for the Arabs. I never got a particle of information from an Arab until after I had sent back my papers to General Caneva. I then asked a German, who spoke Arabic, to get for me the account of a very intelligent and trustworthy old Arab gentleman who had property in the oasis, and who seemed to know every man, woman, and child there.

Every word of the information I thus received was expressly stated by me in my published accounts of the massacres to have been received second-hand. The danger in Tripoli was not that correspondents should be carried away by Arab misrepresentations, but that they should be carried away by Italian misrepresentations. Thanks to Italian misrepresentations, direct and indirect, not half the truth about Tripoli is known to the British public.

In the "Spectator," of February 17th, Mr. Bagot said:—

"The most searching investigations carried out by Italian officers and civilians of the highest honor and integrity have failed to bring to light one single case in which any Arab either has been ill-treated or put to death, unless convicted of treachery."

In the "Spectator" of February 24th I quoted a list of Englishmen and others whose testimony disposes of that statement.

I should now like to quote a statement which was wired from Tripoli to the "Corriere della Sera," on November 14th. It was a statement signed by the following Italian correspondents: Luigi Barzini, of the "Corriere della Sera," Gualtiero Castellini, of the "Gazzetta di Venezia," Giuseppe Piazza, of the "Tribuna," and Giulio De Frenzi, of the "Giornale d'Italia."

Those gentlemen called on the British Consul in order to ask him why he had allowed the famous Malta dispatch of Reuter's correspondent to be drawn up in his Consulate.

Their contention was not that the statement in question was untrue, but that "it was dishonest, inasmuch as it conceals the terrible facts which made absolutely necessary and urgent the repression of the Arab revolt, and inasmuch as it does not mention the instances of greater repression which we find in the Colonial history of England" (Detto documento è sleale, in quanto che nasconde i terribili fatti che resero assolutamente necessaria e urgente la repressione della rivolta Araba, e al ricordo di maggiori repressioni offerte dalla storia coloniale inglese).

To this the Consul bravely and honestly replied "tale ricordo costituisce un'onta inglese" (such instances of repression [in British Colonial history] are a shame to England).

In Tripoli itself, therefore, we hear no talk of the accounts of the massacres being untrue. All we hear is that (1) The Arabs also committed atrocities; (2) So did the English.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

"Portrush," Caterham.
April 4th, 1912.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Although no official contradiction has appeared of the statement that the Anti-Suffrage League is utilising, as a pamphlet, Sir Almoth Wright's letter to the "Times," all women to whom the honor of their sex is dearer even than their enfranchisement will rejoice to read Miss Violet Markham's repudiation of the views in that remarkable document. Anti-Suffrage, like adversity, brings women into strange company, such as the advocates of whippings for wives so persuasively preached in the press some few months ago; and our sympathy has gone out to Mrs. Humphry Ward and her colleagues in the unnatural alliance forced upon them by their latest champion.

These ladies—of forceful capacity and eloquent tongues—who go about the country pleading for the support of vacation schools, helping their male relatives into Parliament, swaying vast audiences, not of women only, but of the men whose inferiors they proclaim themselves, passionately deploring the small proportion of women councillors who have succeeded as yet in fighting their way into positions of responsible government, what have they in common with the medical scientist who has just publicly declared that, whilst man is a being who, in order to do his best work in the world, must be protected against the disturbing influences of sex-propinquity, woman, on the other hand, has no *raison d'être* other than that of a machine for reproduction—a defective and clumsily-contrived machine even for that purpose, since she passes her life in a condition of mental instability, liable at any moment to become insanity? Apart from her reproductive faculty, woman is worthless—she exists merely for marriage, so long as marriage continues to be worth men's while, or otherwise for reproduction without it. In a word, as it is neatly put by a contemporary,* Sir A. Wright's diatribe would "seem to prove that woman is unfit, not merely to give a vote at a Parliamentary election, but to discharge most of the normal occupations which must fall to her in any world that we know, and which she discharges, for the most part, with remarkable efficiency."

Our sympathy with the Anti leaders is no less active when we turn from those who instruct them to those whom they instruct. Viewed from a standpoint wider than the political one, the gulf between them and the Suffragists is easier to bridge than that between themselves and the section of inert and ignorant womanhood on which they base their assertion that women are opposed to their own enfranchisement. The articulate, intelligent Anti laborers to divert the minds of her sisters from one particular sphere of activity, in order to concentrate them on other pursuits of a like nature and aim, though somewhat more restricted in area and importance. But the unawakened ranks, to which she is continually pointing as her justification, care for none of these things; together with the corresponding class of male indifferents, they are just as averse from concerning themselves with public duties in municipal as in national affairs. The response to the call for service in local government, which, Miss Markham tells us, might create a new heaven and a new earth, must inevitably be answered (as it has been hitherto), not by those who have taken to heart the doctrine that a woman's duties begin and end within the walls of her own home, but by those who, having borne and reared their own family, have still open hearts and hands for the needy and desolate; or who, having missed the supreme personal joys of life, dedicate their powers to altruistic service, and thus escape all danger of that bitterness of spirit which Sir Almoth Wright regards as the natural condition of the unmated woman.

One of the most notable effects of the woman's movement has been its ruthless obliteration of the time-honored divisions of party in political life. This process may probably be carried further, and the terms Suffragist and Anti-Suffragist be replaced by others more descriptive of essential differences of mental attitude on the destiny and mission of humanity as a whole. In the modern tendency to over-emphasise sex and sex-differentiation we are in danger of forgetting that we are human beings in the first place and women in the second. Sir Almoth Wright would make a suitable leader for the Sexualist Party, and he will

* "Westminster Gazette," March 29th.

not want for followers and exponents of his creed. An article in the "Nineteenth Century" for March, by the Hon. Mrs. Wilson, would form an excellent preliminary statement of aims. It opens with the query, "When shall we marry our girls?" answers it with a frank advocacy of child-marriage, and deplores the claim of the modern young woman to her own individuality, thus: "The pity of it is that she ought to be somebody else!" We are assured that "the idea of *purdah* is as strong in the West as in the East. The bride that is desirable is the precious-guarded jewel which has not sparkled for others"; and so, because "men are so easily scared" (!), girls must renounce their modern frankness and wit for a calculated reserve and cultivated weakness, lest they be numbered among those who have already, in the writer's elegant phrase, "outstayed their market." "They will have to learn," she concludes, "to please men—as a squaw I say it—for that, indeed, is the whole duty of woman!"

This mental and moral standpoint is in complete harmony with that of Sir Almroth Wright, is easily understood, and is explicable to the meanest intelligence; but it is assuredly further removed from that occupied by the recognised women leaders of the Anti-Suffragists than is the creed of the most advanced Suffragist among us.—Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE C. OSLER.

Birmingham.

April 9th, 1912.

SYNDICALISM AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Such a parade of ignorance and baseless assertion as Mr. Guilford L. Molesworth crammed into his letter in your last issue are common enough in certain halfpenny papers, but—in THE NATION! It would be no use to argue with one whose mildest statement is that "Socialism is robbery," but if his fury is now spent, he might, on a point of libel of leaders, name one "acknowledged leader of Socialism" who has any responsibility whatever for the pamphlet from which he quotes. It is not, as he recklessly states, a Socialist pamphlet, but an anonymous print which crudely suggests to workmen some of the more reprehensible practices of commercial men and traders.

Exploitation of necessities for personal profit and the limitation of output to raise prices may be carried on long enough by the wealthy to be eventually copied by the poor.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. CLYNES.

House of Commons,
April 9th, 1912.

A COINCIDENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to see the subjoined correspondence in the "Freeman's Journal" of the 6th inst., dealing with what is said to be the very singular resemblance that exists between the play of "Kismet," produced in 1911 in London, and the play (not produced), "The Desert," of Mr. Padraic Colum, of Dublin, which was written in 1908, and submitted to several London managers, none of whom felt sufficient interest in it at the time to do more than return it to its author.

Mr. Colum, in a letter of much interest which he contributed to the "Freeman's Journal" of the 2nd inst., stated that he had, some months ago, drawn the attention of THE NATION to this interesting development of psychic research, and the further correspondence now given may be of interest to many NATION readers.—Yours, &c.,

ROGER CASEMENT.

London.

April 8th, 1912.

"KISMET."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

SIR,—With reference to the letter which you were good enough to publish in the columns of the "Freeman's Journal" on Tuesday last, I have been led to believe that the correspondences between my play and the play about to be produced in the Theatre Royal are due to certain psychic phenomena. In the intellectual world such psychic phenomena often occur, and

as it may be of interest to have a record of the present case, I have formed a committee who are prepared to regard the matter in a disinterested spirit. In order to make a comparison easy, I am having my play, "The Desert," printed. The gentlemen who have agreed to act on the committee are: Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Geo. W. Russell, Mr. Edward Martyn, Lord Dunsany, Professor Kettle, Professor Donovan, the Editor of the "Freeman's Journal," and the Editor of the "Irish Times."

"PADRAIC COLUM.

"2, Frankfort Place, Up. Rathmines."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

"28, Northumberland Road,
Good Friday.

"Sir,—I have been much interested to learn that the play, 'Kismet,' is to be produced in Dublin, and to read Mr. Padraic Colum's letter of Tuesday last. As it happens that I know the inner history of Mr. Colum's own play, 'The Desert,' I venture to add some chronological facts to his statement. Mr. Colum had spoken constantly to me about 'The Desert' from 1907; in the spring of 1908 he showed me the first draft, afterwards re-written; and in the winter of 1908 I saw the final version. I happen to know that from this latter date on the MS. was going the rounds of various London theatres.

"'Kismet,' I am informed, was first produced in the spring of 1911. On reading a description of it, I was so struck by the extraordinary resemblance of the ideas, the catastrophe, and the setting of it to those of 'The Desert' that I at once recommended Mr. Colum to make an inquiry into the strangest case of coincidence in literature that I have ever encountered. The printed version of 'The Desert,' which is now available, will enable your readers to make the comparison for themselves.—Faithfully yours,

"T. M. KETTLE."

TOLSTOY AND MAUPASSANT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is interesting to recall, *à propos* of your review of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham's "Charity," with its reference to de Maupassant's story, that Tolstoy selected the tale and adapted it in Russian to reinforce its moral element. A thin paper-backed copy came into my possession some time ago under the title, "Françoise."—Yours, &c.,

EDGAR C. GATES.

Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

April 7th, 1912.

Poetry.

POEMS FROM THE SANSKRIT.

I.—RESILIENCE.

THOUGH we have not one mind in all,
Yet this one thought unites us:
We rise to kiss her hand, O ball,
Afresh each time she smites us.

II.—COYNNESS.

When the lover is by
Then is silence speech,
Then her downcast eye
To his eye can reach;
Then to veil a limb
With her garment's fringe
Is to yield her to him.

III.—INDIAN SERENADE.

Lady of the lovely thighs
Curving like banana fruit,
Hither glance with those dear eyes,
Idly then will Kama shoot
All his arrows—better he
Lay aside his bow, while you
Playful raise your brow for me—
Speak with sweetness throbbing through
Utterance just above the mute,
Such as to the world may come
Like the music of the lute
Mingling with the muffled drum.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

HOME RULE for Ireland is a topic which will be discussed from many different points of view in the immediate future. The number of books and pamphlets on the subject is enormous, and we give a brief list, with publishers and prices, of some of the most useful:—

- "The Life of William Ewart Gladstone." By John Morley. (Lloyd. 5s. net.)
- "The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell." By R. Barry O'Brien. (Nelson. 1s. net.)
- "The Framework of Home Rule." By Erskine Childers. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Home Rule Problems." Edited by Basil Williams. (P. S. King. 1s. net.)
- "Gladstone in Ireland: Irish Policy in Parliament, 1850-1894." By Lord Eversley. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Ireland and the Home Rule Movement." By M. McDonnell. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)
- "Dublin Castle and the Irish People." By R. Barry O'Brien. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Outlook in Ireland." By the Earl of Dunraven. (Murray. 6d. net.)
- "A Leap in the Dark." By A. V. Dicey. (Murray. 1s. net.)
- "The Case for Home Rule." By Stephen Gwynn, M.P. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)
- "Ireland in the New Century." By Sir Horace Plunkett. (Murray. 1s. net.)
- "Irish Nationality." By Alice S. Green. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "Is Home Rule Rome Rule?" By Joseph Hocking. (Ward, Lock. 1s. net.)
- "England's Case Against Home Rule." By A. V. Dicey. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Irish Affairs and the Home Rule Question." By P. G. Cambray. (Murray. 1s. net.)

An announcement of an unusual kind appears in Mr. Murray's new list. "Behind the Night-Light" is an anonymous record of the impressions of a child of four years of age, who can neither read nor write, but who, ever since she has been able to speak, seems to have been associated with a number of beings with whom she has conversations, and whose appearance and habits she describes. These descriptions cannot be accounted for by anything the child has heard from people around her, and their names and characters appear to be entirely original. The child's identity, and vouchers for the authenticity of the record will be made public in due course.

BIOGRAPHIES of publishers and histories of publishing firms have a special attraction for readers who enjoy gossip about books and their writers. A publisher's business brings him into close relation with the authors whose books he issues, and if he is a man of observation, he can throw a good deal of fresh light upon their methods and characters. Among books of this type that at once suggest themselves are Mrs. Oliphant's history of the firm of Blackwood, Charles Knight's "Passages of a Working Life," Mr. Charles L. Graves's "Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," and Samuel Smiles's memoir of John Murray, recently re-issued in a condensed form under the title of "A Publisher and His Friends." To these must now be added Mr. J. Henry Harper's "The House of Harper: A Century of Publishing in Franklin Square." There is much in the book that has little interest for English readers, since Mr. Harper deals at some length with the interventions of the heads of the firm in American politics. But it gives us a rich store of letters, and many fresh glimpses of famous authors and artists.

THE firm of Harper's owes its existence and success to the business ability of four brothers. Two of them started as printers, but in 1818 they determined to become publishers, and issued five hundred copies of an edition of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." The selection of this work, says Mr. Harper, "foreshadowed the solid character of their list," and within a few years they had established a thriving business. They were among the earliest to bring out the Waverley Novels in America, and as there was no international copyright at the time, their messengers used to board incoming packets, secure the early sheets, and print off an edition in the shortest possible time. The first step towards securing remuneration for English writers, adopted by Harpers and some other American firms,

was to buy an advance set of proofs from the author and thus gain a start from piratical publishers. An understanding existed among the better publishers that those who paid in this way for a book would be regarded as its owner, and Mr. Harper tells us that the general observance of "these trade-courtesy rules and regulations as they were developed was most extraordinary."

It may be interesting to mention some of the sums paid to English authors under this system. George Eliot received £1,700 for "Daniel Deronda"; Dickens £1,250 for "Great Expectations"; Wilkie Collins £750 each for three novels; Trollope £700 for "Sir Harry Hotspur"; Thackeray £480 for "The Virginians"; Charles Reade £1,000 for "A Woman Hater"; while a like sum was given for Sir George Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Macaulay." There is an indignant letter from Charles Reade about the sum he received for "A Good Fight," the first version of "The Cloister and the Hearth." "Up to the present moment," he writes, "I have had every means to be satisfied with Messrs. Harper. But this time I don't feel quite satisfied. 'A Good Fight' is a masterpiece. 'A Tale of Two Cities' is not a masterpiece. Yet Messrs. Harper gave five thousand dollars (£1,000) for it, and to me one-twentieth of that sum. Now this might be just in England, but hardly just in America, where, you know very well, I rank at least three times higher than I do in this country."

In another letter Reade makes some pertinent remarks about short stories. Replying to a request for some short stories to be published in the Harper periodicals, he says:—

"In authorship, as in other business, there is the big game and the little game. As a rule, to write small stories is the little game. They require a good leading idea, and construction, and they do not pay for these things. Little stories are bad economy of materials. Moreover, you cannot develop character in them. They are all plot and puppets. Now the Anglo-Saxon race values character in fiction as much or more than construction. To this, however, I observe a practical exception. One or two judicious collections of short stories have obtained a success that is worth examination. . . . The best collections, on the whole, are actually those that have been invented by one hand, viz., Boccaccio's 'Diary of a Physician,' Edgar Poe's, Hoffman's, and other short tales. One hand, I think is visible in most of the 'Arabian Nights.' As a rule, the collections are trash. If you doubt this, I condemn you to wander through the 'Contes des Fées,' 'The Bibliothèque des Romans,' 'Northern Tales,' 'Wilson's Border Tales,' 'Hood's National Tales,' 'Traveller's Tales,' et id genus omne. Trash! Trash! Trash! Now, I feel sure that by some selection, skilful reconstruction, and abridgment, and occasional invention, I could produce a *fabula fabularum* such as the world does not possess in any language."

THE novels of Mr. Hardy are issued in the United States by Messrs. Harper, and the book tells us the origin of the connection. At a dinner given by another American publisher, Mr. Henry Holt, the conversation turned on a strange theory as to the respective merits of Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Holt expressing the opinion that Mr. Norris was the coming man. Mr. Harper denied this, and Mr. Holt offered to exchange authors—he having published for Mr. Hardy, and Harpers for Mr. Norris. The proposal was accepted, and from that time on Harpers have published all of Mr. Hardy's novels. On one occasion the connection placed them in a difficulty which gave rise to a good deal of controversy. After "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" appeared as a serial in "Harper's Bazar," Mr. Hardy wrote offering a new story he had in hand for publication in "Harper's Magazine." The reply was that the publishers would be delighted to have another serial from his pen, but that they must be assured that it would be in every respect suitable for a family magazine. Mr. Hardy answered that "it would be a tale that could not offend the most fastidious maiden," and the publishers embarked upon "Jude the Obscure." It had not progressed far when Mr. Hardy wrote that he was distressed to say the development of the story was carrying him into unexpected fields, and he could not predict its future. At the same time he proposed either to cancel the agreement or to make some changes in the serial form. The latter course was followed. Mr. Hardy rewrote one of the chapters, and the publishers made some modifications in the story as it ran through the magazine.

Reviews.

LIBERALISM AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

"The Framework of Home Rule." By ERSKINE CHILDERS.
(Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Mr. Erskine Childers's book, "The Framework of Home Rule," hardly does it justice. One may conjecture that he first set himself the task of devising a detailed scheme of Home Rule; that he found this impossible without a close study of history; and that in the course of his study of history, both Irish and Imperial, he realised that the greatest need of the moment is to enforce and illustrate the central doctrine of national liberty. To this, at any rate, he has devoted more than half his book. With most writings on the Irish question there is the eternal reiteration, on the one side, of charges of violence and disloyalty against Nationalist Ireland, and the eternal reiteration, on the other, of the bitter wrongs which Ireland's rulers have inflicted on her in their blind and stupid attempt to ignore her nationhood. Even to-day, though there are many new elements in the controversy, the pamphleteers follow for the most part the same old ruts. But Mr. Childers lifts us completely out of them. He has approached the matter from a point of view of his own. Having first steeped himself in his subject, he takes us up to a height above the mists, from which he can show us the essentials of the problem. Much of the current stuff of controversy he brushes aside as irrelevant to the main issue. Lawless agitation, disloyal speeches, these are simply symptoms—once as familiar in Canada, Australia, South Africa, as in Ireland—the invariable outcome of the attempt to override nationality; in themselves they do not make Home Rule either less necessary, or more. Ireland's injuries, again, the destruction of her trade, the penalising of her religion, the crushing load of taxation, the long agony which produced the Evictions and the Famine and culminated in the Land War—these things doubtless explain the intensity of the national demand; but Home Rule would be just as indispensable to Ireland and to the Empire if England had been as mild and sympathetic as she has in fact been brutal and callous.

Mr. Childers, perhaps with an excess of rigorous logic, repudiates the whole idea of "restitution." He bids us look to the past, indeed, but only in order that we may profit by the stern lesson it teaches—may grasp, once for all, the unchangeable conditions of successful policy in the present and the future. If any community of white men is to be a willing member of the British Empire, we must concede to it the right to manage its own affairs; if it is to be prosperous, a source of strength and not of weakness, we must let it shoulder the whole responsibility for its own prosperity. Simple propositions! Yet, rather than admit them, we have poisoned the whole life of a sister nation, and sacrificed our own reputation for statesmanship into the bargain.

"Self-government in the community corresponds to free will in the individual. I am far from saying that self-government is everything. But I do say that it is the master-key. It is fundamental. Give responsibility and you will create responsibility. Through political responsibility only can a society brace itself to organised effort, find out its own opinions on its own needs, test its own capabilities, and elicit the will, the brains, and the hands to solve its own problems. These are such commonplaces in every other part of the Empire which has an individual life of its own, that men smile if you suggest the contrary. But ordinary reasoning is rarely applied to Ireland."

The only possible answer from the Unionist side is that Ireland's case differs from all others on the ground of her proximity to Great Britain; but this, Mr. Childers shows, makes the grant of self-government not more difficult or dangerous, but infinitely less so.

The conclusions thus baldly stated are enforced by Mr. Childers in the historical survey which forms the chief part of his book. Home Rulers have often insisted upon the parallelism between the cases of America, Canada, Australia, and South Africa on the one hand, and Ireland on the other. But Mr. Childers, studying it afresh and working it out in full detail, has made it live, and has turned it into a convincing statement of the case for Irish Home Rule. In three Continents, and under every variety of local condi-

tion, he traces the same vicious circle—oppression leading to retaliation, retaliation used as the pretext for more oppression—the same disputes, the same outbursts of violence, the same "loyalist minority" hugging the same baseless fears. Ireland and America, colonised on the same principles, asserted their independence—partial in the one case, complete in the other—almost in the same year. The famous "Ninety-two Resolutions" passed the Assembly of Lower Canada in 1834, just before O'Connell made his famous motion for the Repeal of the Union. The parallel between Canada and Ireland is extraordinarily close.

"No one can understand either Irish or Colonial history without reading the debates of this period in the Lords and Commons on Canada and Ireland. Alternating with one another with monotonous regularity, they nevertheless leave an impression of an extraordinary lack of earnestness, sympathy, and knowledge, and an extraordinary degree of prejudice and of bigotry in the Parliament to whose care, for better or worse, the welfare of nearly ten millions of British citizens outside Great Britain was entrusted. Save for an occasional full-dress debate at some peculiarly critical juncture, the debates were ill-attended. The prevailing sentiment seems to have been that Ireland and Canada, leavened by a few respectable 'loyalists' and officials, on the whole were two exceedingly mutinous and embarrassing possessions, which, nevertheless, it was the duty of every self-respecting Briton to drag into obedience. Both dependencies were assumed to be equally expensive, though, in fact, Ireland, as we know now, was showing a handsome profit at the time, whereas Canada was costing a quarter of a million a year. For the rest, the pride of power tempered a sort of fatalistic apathy. In the case of Ireland, the element of pure selfishness was stronger, because the immense vested interests, lay and clerical, in Irish land were strongly represented. The proximity of Ireland, too, rendered coercion more obvious and easy. Otherwise, her case was the same as that of Canada. 'The Canadas are endeavouring to escape from us, America has escaped us, but Ireland shall not escape us,' said an English member to O'Connell just before the Repeal debate of 1834. Such was the current view."

In Australia, too, the denial of self-government had its usual consequences.

"There were stormy, agitated times, there were illegal movements against the reception of convicts, struggles over land questions, religious questions, financial questions, the emancipation of ex-convicts, and the many difficult problems raised by the discovery of gold and the mushroom growth of digger communities in remote places. There was in the air more genuine lawlessness—irrespective, I mean, of revolt against bad laws—than ever existed in Ireland, though there was never at any time any practical grievance approaching in magnitude to the practical grievances of Ireland at the same period."

Lalor, the hero of the "Eureka Stockade" battle in 1854—

"entered political life, became Speaker of the reformed Assembly of 1856, and lived and died respected by everyone. He now appears as a prominent figure in a little book entitled 'Australian Heroes,' and it is admitted that the whole episode powerfully assisted the movement for responsible government in the Colony. Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchell, and others concerned in the Irish rebellion of 1848 were at that moment languishing in the penal settlement of Tasmania for sedition, provoked by laws fifty times worse."

In South Africa, after bitter struggles and frequent oscillations of policy, culminating in the Boer War, the same question of self-government had once more to be decided. What was the Tory proposal? The Colonial Secretary wrote that the Dutch "cannot be expected, until time has done more to heal the wound, to entertain the most cordial feelings towards the Government of the Transvaal;" feared that, after the "bitter memories" of the war, "free institutions" would only "emphasise and stereotype the racial line"; and proposed to "proceed more cautiously and slowly." The doctrines of North, of Fitzgibbon, of Castlereagh, of Stanley—doctrines so plausible yet so fallacious, a hundred times disproved, a hundred times reasserted—find their echo in Mr. Lyttelton's egregious despatch. Happily, the constitution thus adumbrated—"it would have been difficult to design a plan more certain to promote friction, racialism, and an eventual deadlock"—never came into force. It was cancelled by the Liberal Ministry which came into power at the end of 1905, and in 1906 full responsible government was granted both to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, though in the teeth of the whole Unionist Party following the lead of Lord Milner.

So convincing is the parallel thus drawn out by Mr. Childers that it suggests the possibility of a scheme of Home Rule wider and fuller than Gladstone himself ever thought of—a scheme which, while preserving a central control over

all military and naval affairs, would leave Ireland completely free in all internal matters, taxation included.

"Any restrictions or limitations upon the subordinate Irish Government and Parliament which are not scientifically designed to secure the easy working of the whole Imperial machinery, but are the outcome of suspicion and distrust, would serve only to aggravate existing evils. When the supreme object of a Home Rule measure is to create a sense of responsibility in the people to whom it is extended, what could be more pervasively unwise than to accompany the gift with a declaration of the incompetence of the people to exercise responsibility, and with restraints designed to prevent them proving the contrary?"

To encourage the sense of responsibility, says Mr. Childers, should be the main aim of our scheme. From this point of view, paternalism is almost as bad as tyranny. Hence his insistence upon the question of finance.

The experience of the last twenty years has taught Irishmen to look across St. George's Channel for alien gifts. They could not be blamed for doing so; short of Home Rule, it was the only way open to them of deriving any advantage from their association with a wealthy country, and it could be colorably represented as a kind of reparation for the past. But to encourage a self-governing Ireland to look to England for permanent help would be to do her a grave disservice. Mr. Childers pours contempt on those Irishmen—if such there be—who would barter away the priceless boon of self-reliance for the "eleemosynary benefits" which, in Mr. Walter Long's ugly phrase, the Union has at last begun to bestow. He recognises, of course, the abnormal condition of Irish revenue and expenditure which the Union has produced; and he advocates a temporary grant to balance the Budget until Irish finance has been brought into closer harmony with Irish capacities and needs. But such a grant, he thinks, should be a diminishing one, and should terminate within a fixed time. The main aim should be to give the Irish people the fullest possible control over their own finance.

So, too, with the question of representation. Like Gladstone in that courageous moment when he first grasped the Irish problem as a whole, Mr. Childers would prefer to exclude Irish representatives altogether, or to leave a representation so small as to be merely "symbolic"; otherwise, he fears, Irishmen will still turn their eyes away from their own Parliament, and will look to Westminster for the solution of difficulties which they ought to face and conquer at home.

There can be little doubt that, ideally speaking, some such system would be the wisest in the long run. The one function a democracy should abstain from is "interference with another democracy."

"One democracy is incapable of understanding the domestic needs and problems of another. Whenever, therefore, a democracy finds itself responsible for the adjudication of a claim for Home Rule from white men, it should limit itself to ascertaining whether the claim is genuine and sincere. If it is, the claim should be granted, and a Constitution constructed in friendly concert with the men who are to live under it. That way lies safety and honor."

Can our people be brought to see the truth in this clear-cut form? Can we hope for that "fundamental change of spirit" which Mr. Childers sees to be necessary? Full self-government has been granted many times, but it has never been granted by the expressed will of the nation or of Parliament—always by the foresight of particular Ministers, and as an act of the Executive.

But though something in the nature of a compromise may be inevitable in the rough and ready world of politics, Mr. Childers would be the first to admit that the essential thing is the principle of self-government itself. That principle is now happily embodied in a Home Rule Bill. It is Mr. Childers's great service to have restated it with admirable force and effect. Setting out to write a Home Rule pamphlet, he has produced a vindication of Liberalism, and of that living embodiment of Liberalism—the self-governing British Empire. It is not too much to say that his book is the first work of real literature to which the Irish controversy has given birth. Its generous tone, its high and clear outlook, its passionate sincerity, will give it enduring value when the controversy which called it forth has been closed, and when the tragic blunders of our Irish policy, like the similar blunders which he records in other countries of the Empire, are remembered only as "portions and parcels of the dreadful past."

HARTLEY AND SARA COLERIDGE.

"A Poet's Children: Hartley and Sara Coleridge." By ELEANOR A. TOWLE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is generally a melancholy pursuit to follow the careers of the children of great poets. It is often sufficiently doleful to consider the uninspired old-age of the poet himself without descending to the banalities of his children. Politicians often reproduce the political faculty in their children; a Chatham is followed by a Pitt the younger; a Henry Fox by a Charles James Fox. The logical faculty and the faculty for high scholarship are often transmitted, as we see in the notable cases of the Mills and the Arnolds. But poetry is different. The poet must not only have the poetic temperament, he must combine with it the impulse and the will to create. The conditions favorable to its growth may more often be found for two or more children of the same parent than for the two generations of father and son. Thus we have D. G. Rossetti and Christina Rossetti; and in another branch of literature the Brontë sisters, or the two Kingsleys. In Samuel Taylor and Hartley Coleridge we have the rarer case of a great poet followed by a son who was at least a poet of fine quality.

If we would study the actual and the all-too-probable fate of a poet's children we could scarcely find better examples than Hartley and Sara Coleridge. Mrs. Towle has not written her book mainly from this point of view. She has studied her subjects zealously and intelligently. She has given a sufficiently full picture of the assembly of poets, poets' wives, and poets' children which turned Grasmere and Keswick into the eternal objective of literary pilgrims. There is Wordsworth, benevolent, aloof, idealising children at a discreet distance; the kind and faithful Dorothy; Southey, shown in the best possible light, less pompous than usual, romping with the children, instructing them, working hard among his books; Mrs. Coleridge, a commonplace and unpoetical lady; and Coleridge himself, who came to be but a rare visitor to the Lake country. He "ought not to have had a wife or children," said Lamb; "he should have had a sort of diocesan care of the world—no parish duties." Mrs. Towle has set forth most of what is known about Sara and Hartley—that is to say, a great deal about their youth, as is to be expected, and far less about their more mature years.

Under her method of treatment, there is really little reason for writing of the brother and sister in the same book. Hartley and Sara had very little in common. After early childhood, owing to the separation of their parents, they did not even see much of each other; and the author has adopted the irritating plan of devoting alternate chapters to her hero and heroine, thus turning from one biographical interest to another of an entirely different character.

Sara is eminently the child of a genius. William Collins, the artist, paints her when she is fourteen years old. Wordsworth writes an idealistic poem about her. Southey coaches her in Latin and Greek. She becomes expert in French, Italian, German, and Spanish. Before she is twenty she has translated a Latin book, "An Account of the Albigones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay." It is much to the credit of the Cumbrian air that she came through her youth without a nervous breakdown, though her health was never good. Nevertheless she was so beautiful that it is said that when she entered a theatre the audience stood up to see her pass; and even Lamb, who detested Blue-stockings, wished that he had just such a daughter. "God love her . . . at her years, to be doing stupid Jesuits' Latin into English, when she should be reading or writing Romances."

Sara, in fact, was beautiful, of a serious disposition, and intellectual. She was well qualified to talk about her father's philosophy; she could hold her own in any abstract disputation. Beyond that she has no interest for us. The books which she wrote are not books which anyone to-day, except a biographer, would dream of reading; and her opinions upon the Tractarian movement, upon which the author dwells at some length, had no influence upon her contemporaries or upon posterity, and have no intrinsic importance.

But the case of Hartley is different. Hartley not only shows the early promise of a poet; in large measure the promise is realised. He, too, suffered from the intellectual storm and stress of his boyhood, from the poetical forcing-house which too early brought out his precocious talent. Mrs. Towle draws many comparisons between the father and son, showing how the irresolution, the instability, the lack of control descended in fatal measure to the younger. Her whole account of Hartley is dominated by the idea of his marred maturity, his besetting vice of drunkenness, the settled melancholy, the utter failure of a degenerate; his biography becomes the record of an unhappy progress towards moral collapse. This view of Hartley, we venture to say, is somewhat misleading. His practice of drinking was rather the symptom than the cause of his partial failure. His habit of introspection made him allude often to his "downward declension," his "impotence of will," his "melancholy recklessness"; but the two last qualities had appeared in his boyhood, long before that day when the failure to win the Newdigate led him to a bout of desperate drinking. He was always irregular in his habits, and lacking in the power of prolonged concentration. But neither the story of his later life in the Lake country nor the evidence of his own poetry confirms the author's account of him as a man plunged always in the depths of misery and weighed down with the sense of his own guilt. He took delight in the rustic society of the neighborhood, and his personality was long remembered with affection. He writes often with fanciful humor, and even with glee. Children, flowers, friends, passing objects, constantly inspire him to verse—to verse which is far from melancholy.

Surely the truth of the matter is that Hartley was one of those unfortunate people who are doomed to grow up at too tender an age. We have seen how his sister, Sara, was pushed too early along the path of erudition, and won the pity of Charles Lamb. But Sara had not the superfine constitution of Hartley; there was not so much in her to be killed by such treatment. She merely grew up into a clever, agreeable, and otherwise commonplace lady. But Hartley grew up to a heritage of maimed nerves, which could not support him through the creative act of great poetry. While he is a young child, his striking expressions and demeanor draw attention, in that circle alive to the least imaginative hint, so that everyone is alertly watching him, and pondering his least act. His father remarks that he "puts the food into his mouth by one effort, and makes a second effort to remember it is there and to swallow it." Again, his father says, "an utter visionary, like the moon among the clouds, he moves in a circle of his own making." Someone hears him saying, regretfully, "It is a pity I is always thinking of my thoughts." "It is not now," someone said in his hearing, "but it is to be." His reply shows the sort of mental environment to which he was accustomed. "If it is to be," he said, "it is." We doubt if German philosophy is the best training for young children. In Hartley the consequent nervous exhaustion did not produce meningitis at six; but it produced drunkenness at twenty-one.

S. T. Coleridge was never handicapped by having a visionary poet for a father. If he had, perhaps he would never have written "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan"; and, as someone has truly said, the rest of his poetry is not superior to the best that his son wrote. Wordsworth was inclined to depreciate Hartley's poetry, and to prefer his prose. Curiously enough, Hartley seems to owe more to the style of Wordsworth than to that of his father; he appears more imitative than he is, owing to the fact that he often brings in tags from the older poets, even allowing himself to write:—

"The cowslip, maiden of the mead,
And primrose of the 'river's brim'—"

And yet he is essentially different both from his father and from Wordsworth. He has, what neither of them had, a sense of humor. He is more lightly fanciful, ready at any time to toy with poetry, and to write, if need be, an impromptu in an album. His love-poems have rather the song-character of the Caroline love poets than the passion of the Romanticists. But, in his feeling for Nature, his reflectiveness, his sensibility to the deeper emotions, he belongs wholly to the nineteenth century; he continues the Wordsworthian spirit, seldom descending to that bathos of

which Wordsworth was so often guilty. But among the great poets he cannot be ranked. There is no single poem or verse which we could quote and quote again. For Hartley, possessing as he did the full poetic sensibility, was denied the spiritual energy or ascendancy which is necessary to the creation of a supreme poem.

THE COBBLER MYSTIC.

"Studies in Jacob Böhme." By A. J. PENNY. (Watkins. 6s. net.)

A MAN's philosophy, as William James has told us, is at bottom a matter of passionate vision rather than of reasoned argument. He might, when he wrote those words, have been thinking of Jacob Böhme, the "inspired shoemaker," whose work—full of categorical statements and singularly deficient in "reasoned argument"—yet became one of the inspiring forces of German metaphysics. Böhme, whose contemporaries called him a "theosopher," has been called by later admirers both a philosopher and a mystic. He was each in a certain degree; but first and foremost he was a visionary. The obscure yet deeply suggestive teaching which fills his great books does not originate in any system of ideas, but in a "direct intuition" of reality—a personal vision of the universe, unique in its clearness and power.

A man of the people, in whom the soul of a great intuitive genius is linked with an uncultured intellect, is bound to find much difficulty in communicating his message to the world. In Böhme this difficulty is increased—at any rate for his modern readers—by a regrettable acquaintance with the symbolic language of seventeenth-century alchemy and Kabalism. He uses this language on all possible occasions, but, unfortunately, in an artistic rather than an exact manner; thereby adding enormously to the obscurity of his strange utterances and to the bewilderment of the student who comes to him unprepared. Yet this strangest and most difficult of mystics, whom even his most convinced admirers confess to having approached "with a certain disgust," has been a great and continuing influence in German and in English thought: a remarkable proof of his genius, and of the fascination of his doctrines, for few teachers make more exacting demands on the patience of the disciple. In Germany, Hegel and Schelling are salted with his salt. In England, at the close of the seventeenth century, whilst our home-grown and easily comprehensible English mystics were generally neglected, admirers hurried to translate Böhme's difficult German; and in the wake of the translation commentators sprang up. His doctrines received an enthusiastic welcome from the various mystic and occult sects which flourished at the time; and especially from the leaders of the "Philadelphians," Dr. Pordage and the celebrated visionary Jane Lead, whose apocalyptic utterances often betray his influence. Of far greater importance was the impression which they made upon the mind of Newton and—in another line of thought—the fact that they converted William Law from a great legalist to a greater mystic; with the result that he gave in his later writings imperishable literary form to the deep intuitions of the cobbler of Görlitz. Written with all the passion of a convert, and in the exalted and beautiful language peculiar to that great stylist, "The Spirit of Love," "The Spirit of Prayer," and "An Appeal to All who Doubt," are still the best of all introductions to Böhme's mighty dream of God and Man.

Böhme belongs to the small, rare family of mystics whose pictured intuitions take a cosmic rather than a personal or devotional form. The huge sweep of his vision seems, by his own account, to embrace man and the universe, God and the human soul, in all their meanings and manifestations:

"I saw and knew," he says of one of his earliest revelations, "the Being of all beings, the *Byss* and *Abyss*, also the birth or eternal generation of the Holy Trinity; the descent and original of this world, and of all creatures through the divine wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely, the divine, angelical, and paradisaical world; and then the dark world, being the original of nature to fire (*sic*); and then, thirdly, the external and visible world, being a procreation or extern birth; or as a substance expressed or spoken forth from *both* the internal and spiritual worlds; and I saw and knew the whole being in the evil and in the good, and the

mutual original and existence of each of them. . . . I saw it (as in a great deep) in the internal, for I had a thorough view of the universe, as in a *chaos* wherein all things are couched and wrapped up, but it was impossible for me to explicate and unfold the same."

Nevertheless, Böhme did explicate and unfold in many volumes the substance of this great vision of Reality. His inspiration compelled him to self-expression, and much of his writing seems to have verged on the automatic type. He described in detail and with an extraordinary accent of certainty the whole process of Creation, conceived by him as the self-manifestation of God. The absolute Godhead, whence all originates, he defines in almost neo-Platonic fashion as essentially "unmanifested," the "unknowable Abyss," "who also were not known to Himself without His manifestation," and "only finds Himself in Man": in this, and many other utterances, displaying the strong bias of the natural mystic towards a Pantheism according oddly with the Christian language of which he constantly makes use.

"All whatsoever it is that liveth and moveth is in God, and God Himself is all, and whatsoever is formed or framed, is formed out of Him, be it either out of love or out of wrath."

This forming or framing, the process of Creation in all its degrees, is due to the interactions of the seven forces or Spirits of God, of which three are causal and three resultant; "fire," or the energy released by conflict, being the link between them. All creation all energy, all life, is either in the "dark fire" or the "light"—in wrath or in love. Through this "wrestling wheel of the Seven Spirits," the Divine will is expressed: and evil is the result of the disharmony between them, of a friction which generates the "dark fire" of loveless energy instead of "light."

"Seeing God is *everywhere* and is Himself *all*, how cometh it then that there is in this world such cold and heat, such biting and striking among all creatures, and that there is nothing else almost but mere fierceness or wrath in this world? The cause is that the first four forms of Nature are one at enmity against the other without the light, and yet they are the causes of life."

To bring the fire into the light, or the energetic will into union with love, is therefore the practical object of Böhme's teaching; as it is the object of all other mystics of the "activistic" type. To do this is to "transmute" the soul, regenerate man; a process which he generally describes under the symbols of alchemy, and directly connects with the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation of Christ, the "Repairer," "the looking-glass of the Deity" presented to "the soul's spirit," that "thereby it may recover itself."

It follows that his ethics are the ethics of all mystics worthy of the name. Humility, charity, total surrender of the "separated" human will to the great tides of the universal will—these are with him, as with St. Bonaventura or Ruysbroeck, the necessary ornaments of all those who would regain the lost balance of humanity and "enter into the inner choir, where the soul joineth hands and danceth with Sophia the Divine Wisdom."

Such are a few of the more outstanding characteristics of Böhme's rich, though often confused, mass of teaching. He is a mine full of abnormal places; and his resources are far as yet from being fully explored. The late Mrs. Penny, a devoted and painstaking student of his writings, gave to this exploration the best years of her life; and the essays in which some of her conclusions are embodied, here collected in book form, will certainly be of help to those readers who may be tempted by the splendid complete edition of his works now in process of publication, to the study of that great but difficult visionary whom Saint-Martin was accustomed to call "our friend B." More valuable perhaps than her theories, with some of which many Böhme students would disagree, is the amazing industry with which she gathered together mutually explanatory passages from his various works: thus "interpreting Böhme by Böhme," a thoroughly sound if laborious method, which has resulted in the elucidation of several difficult passages.

Not all the articles here reprinted seem, however, to be worthy of preservation. Written for publication in "Light," and other spiritualistic periodicals, some are little more than comments on books and ideas long since dead, or answers to casual correspondents. Moreover, Mrs. Penny suffered as a critic and interpreter from a failing common amongst the mystically minded. She saw her own spiritual ideas, or those of her master, reflected in almost everything

that she read; and she read widely and uncritically, from German philosophy to the wildest outpourings of modern theosophy and occultism. Hence such "authorities" as Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Sinnett, "Mr. Sinnett's friend, Koot Hoomi," even "one of Mr. Oxley's invisible teachers" appear constantly in her pages, where their presence does scant honor to the great mystic whose reputation she was clearly anxious to serve. Of those authorities to which she might have appealed with advantage—the Christian mystics of the Middle Ages—she seems to have been entirely ignorant. Yet these are the authorities with whom Böhme's doctrine must be compared before any just estimate can be formed of his place in the history of mysticism. His peculiar significance, indeed, lies in the fact that, though a convinced and impassioned Christian, he stands aside from the great tradition of the Christian contemplatives. He is ignorant of their theology, uninfluenced by their symbolism. Yet he leaves us in no doubt that the reality which has been revealed to him, and which he struggles to describe, is the same as that which was beheld by Plotinus or the Areopagite, by Angela of Foligno, or Ruysbroeck. Wholly possessed by this vision, he is led by it to conclusions respecting man and his relation with God, which hardly differ from those arrived at by those other mystics; who, seeing the one Truth by means of other symbols, have but heard the voice of the Virgin Sophia speaking in another tongue.

EVERYBODY'S GREECE.

"The Glory that was Greece." By J. C. STOBART. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 30s. net.)

ACCEPTING the modern tendency to crystallise knowledge as a wholly good and desirable thing, as well as eminently suited to the hurried age in which we live, no more useful survey of the Glory that was Greece has been penned than the book before us, which bears this title. Indeed, its comprehensiveness almost staggers one. Mr. Stobart has taken for his province the entire history of Greece, from the misty days of the Ægean civilisation to the Roman Conquest of 146 B.C.; and, whilst the social life and culture of the Hellenic peoples is the phase on which he lays most stress, the political events, military and naval campaigns, and so forth, receive adequate treatment in so far as they illustrate the developments of the national genius. But what is bound especially to commend this book to that uncertain quantity, the average reader, is the strange familiarity of the picture it presents. No one is more conscious of this familiarity than the author himself, and he summarises it very perfectly in a description of the Athens of the fourth century B.C., a period which is often glibly and unjustly spoken of as one of degeneration:—

"In politics, for example, she was beginning to make things much less comfortable for the rich. With taxes upon unearned increment she was beginning to drive capital out of the country, so that millionaires could no longer be found to undertake single-handed the 'liturgy' of equipping a battleship, but had to be grouped in companies for the purpose. . . . Even more was done for the poor now than formerly; they were taught to look to the State for cheap food, and even free education. The principle of payment of members was introduced. Conservatives were alarmed by the growing numbers of State functionaries openly drawing salaries from the Treasury for the duties which they performed, instead of leaving those duties to be neglected, or expecting the rich to perform them in their spare time and recompense themselves in less odiously public fashions. In international relations there was some abatement of nationalist frenzy; in colonial systems there was a marked advance in the direction of federalism, accompanied by a devolutionary process towards local government. In the theatre there was a movement towards lighter entertainments and highly elaborate musical comedies, with lavish display in the matter of dress and scenery. . . . In sport, too, there was a growing tendency to professionalism, much deplored by old-fashioned people. Boxers and wrestlers no longer considered the grace of their movements, because they found that victory was apt to follow more consistently upon hard training and an animal diet. . . . In social life, thinkers were beginning to raise the problem of sex, and even women themselves may have joined in the agitation for some measure of justice for their sex. Euripides, indeed, . . . had actually made his Medea utter these audacious words: 'I would rather stand thrice in the line of battle than bear a child once.'"

As Mr. Stobart suggests, the passage might be a description of twentieth-century England. How few of these

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to whom Ancient Greece is a ready phrase realise the closeness of the relationship! The politics of the Greeks, their literature and their art, picturesque and fascinating as are their manifestations, have always seemed, even to the comparatively cultured, remote with all the remoteness of a former age long dead, and their possible bearing upon our own time and country so difficult to establish that the task were best left for specialists to wrangle over. Yet in the city State, such as Athens, we find nearly all the problems of modern democracies, including the ever-present one of foreign policy, condensed into a comparatively small space, but the more vital and the more easily comprehensible because they are so condensed. It is easier to realise a miniature than a six-foot canvas.

We also find within the Greek area the three outstanding varieties of the civilised state of all the ages. Athens was naval and democratic; Sparta military and aristocratic, with no desire to expand; and Macedon, under Philip and Alexander the Great, a State that existed solely by conquest. The fortunes of all of these are sketched briefly but lucidly in this volume, and the many lessons of each are duly read. The most significant lesson of all, perhaps, and the most comforting, is to be drawn from the historical fact that it was Athens alone, the naval and democratic State, that showed the power to endure and, when Macedon crumbled and Sparta decayed, remained the rallying point for Greek influence on the world. When Rome conquered Greece, Athens submitted with the rest; but Roman emperors and nobles sent their sons to sit at the feet of Athenian philosophers, and Athens sent her culture to Rome. The humaner qualities of her democratic civilisation long survived the materialistic forces at the disposal of her sister States.

Yet to conservative Sparta we owe the first practical application of Eugenics, an interesting experiment if of doubtful benefit; and from Philip of Macedon we learn a lesson in social, as well as political, organisation. In fact, the whole group of these States, moulded by geographical accident, and as diverse from each other as the winds of Heaven, provide the material for infinitely rich and everlasting ideas. To the arts and literature of Greece, wherein one must seek the finer subtleties of the Greek mind, Mr. Stobart devotes proportionate space; and, though his constructive criticism does not depart from traditional lines, he succeeds in bringing into sharp perspective the salient qualities that characterised Greek artists—Sophocles and Euripides, along with Phidias and Praxiteles—and that were in themselves a reflection of Greek ethics. During the fifth century, at any rate, that amazing sense of proportion which was an outstanding feature of the intellect-governed Greek æsthetic, and which expressed itself visually in architecture and sculpture, appears also in the distribution of social life. The latter was a nice adjustment of checks and balances—mind and muscle, poignant romance and plain matter-of-fact, religion and sturdy rationalism, superstition and common-sense—in which nothing remained unduly prominent for very long. In the body politic there was this play of alternating forces; tyranny was accepted as a bitter but necessary pill for evils brought about by the errors or indiscretions of democracy; but the Athenians, to their credit, never honored tyrants. Mr. Stobart's panoramic study, so ingeniously contrived for the average reader, is enormously assisted by two hundred illustrations in color and line. The half-tone blocks are printed on a dull surface paper, thus avoiding the meretricious glare of the average "art" paper; and we have seen nothing better adapted to the reproduction of sculpture, the degree of sculptural "color" in many of the plates being a sheer delight.

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which our later Victorian middle-class culture dammed back and disregarded as vulgar. The young Irish writers are now in a better position than our own to "return to the people," because the intervening layer of *bourgeois* Ireland, though hopelessly "genteel," is not so thick in the seams as in our community. Syngé sank his shaft and hit the richest of rich veins, but Mr. Stephens shows that the right spirit can mine with amazing profit in a back street of Dublin. It is in the poorest room in a poor tenement-house that we find Mary Makebelieve living on nine shillings a week, with her indomitable mother, the charwoman, Mrs. Makebelieve, and the fine, delicate design that the author weaves on this dingy background shows in the first lines. Take this description of the old charwoman—it is one that any Celtic poet, from the fifteenth century onward, might have rejoiced to create, yet it is truly a strong actual piece of portraiture, limning both the soul and the body:—

"Her mother seldom washed at all. She held that washing was very unhealthy, and took the natural gloss off the face, and that, moreover, soap either tightened the skin or made it wrinkle . . . Her mother's face was the color of old, old ivory. Her nose was like a great strong beak, and on it the skin was stretched very tightly, so that her nose shone dully when the candle was lit. Her eyes were big, and as black as pools of ink, and as liquid as the eyes of a bird. Her hair also was black, it was as smooth as the finest silk, and when unloosened it hung straightly down, shining about her ivory face. Her lips were thin, and scarcely colored at all, and her hands were quick, sharp hands, seeming all knuckles when she closed them, and all fingers when they were opened again. . . . She used often to cry because she was not rich. Sometimes, when she came home from work, she liked to pretend that she was rich; she would play at imagining someone had died and left her a great fortune, or that her brother Patrick had come back from America with vast wealth, and then she would tell Mary Makebelieve of the things she intended to buy and do the very next day. Mary Makebelieve liked that. . . . They were to move the first thing in the morning to a big house, with a garden behind it full of fruit trees, and flowers, and birds. There would be a wide lawn in front of the house to play lawn-tennis-in, and to walk with delicately fine young men, with fair faces and white hands, who would speak in the French language, and bow often with their hats almost touching the ground. There were to be twelve servants—six of them men servants and six of them women servants—who would instantly do as they were bidden, and would receive ten shillings each per week and their board; they would also have two nights free in the week, and would be very well fed. There were many wonderful dresses to be bought, dresses for walking in the streets, and dresses for driving in a carriage, and others, again, for riding on horse-back, and for travelling in. There was a dress of crimson silk, with a deep lace collar, and a heavy wine-colored satin dress, with a gold chain falling down in front of it, and there was a pretty white dress of the finest linen, having one red rose pinned at the waist."

It is a poet's imagination that is working here on the fabric of ordinary life, and the thing that counts most is that it brings out the nature of the material. It is so easy to falsify people in the glass of class condescension; but to disengage the force and fascination of simple people and simple things—that is the alchemy of a Mattieu Maris or a Rembrandt. It is in such a spirit that Mr. Stephens works—a spirit none the less veracious, because it is shot with the shifting lines of Irish humor and Irish imaginativeness. His presentation of the figure of the massive policeman, "a monument of solidity and law," who dominates Mary Makebelieve's girlish thoughts, is a delightful example of the identity of spirit and matter. The matter is there, undoubtedly; the imposing bulk of this great policeman, who guided the traffic at the Grafton Street crossing, and the spirit of the man—the soul of the officer as he "adjusted his belt, touched his moustache, looked up the street and down the street for stray criminals, and condescended to the duties of his beat"—is touched off in an inimitable fashion. "He stood for a moment gazing after Mary with a smile on his great face. He knew that she knew he was watching, and, as he stood, he drew his hand from his pocket and tapped and smoothed his moustache. He had a red moustache; it grew very thickly, but was cropped short and square, and its fibre was so strong that it stood out above his lip like wire. One expected it to crackle when he did it, but it never did." From this little description, the careless reader who has never paid regard to the saying that the highest art conceals art may conclude that Mary's love will blossom and fruit, but consider the subtle hint of the policeman's self-satisfaction

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lurking in the words, "he drew his hand from his pocket, and tapped and smoothed his moustache"! It is to this rock in the path of happy matrimony that Mrs. Makebelieve plainly alludes when, later on, she is asked by her daughter, "Did she ever know a girl who got married to a policeman, and did she think that policemen were good men?" The charwoman is illuminating on the high social standing of policemen, on their emoluments, respectability, diligence, discipline, and of their kindness to little children. But, she adds meaningly, "*policemen thought too much of themselves*, and being much admired by a certain type of woman, their morals were subjected to so continuous an assault that the wife of such a one would be worn to a shadow in striving to preserve her husband from designing and persistent females."

From this apt criticism, Mrs. Makebelieve's vast experience and penetrating philosophy of life may be deduced. In truth, the old charwoman is an admirable creation, full of flaming spirit and epigrammatic wisdom. It is almost a convention with middle-class writers to treat so modest a calling as Mrs. Makebelieve's as a target for stale witticisms and patronage, but Mr. Stephens knows better. He treats her with sympathy and with admiration, and so the fine strokes of humor that often wing the flight of her words gleam with precious light. "If an employer was wise, or good, or kind, Mrs. Makebelieve was prepared to accord such a person instant and humble reverence. She would work for such a one till the nails dropped off her fingers and her feet crumpled up under her body; but a policeman or a rich person, or a person who ordered one about . . . ! until she died and was buried in the depths of the world, she would never give in to such a person, or admit anything but their thievishness and ill-breeding . . . Her God was Freedom, and her religion, Love. Freedom! even the last rags of it that remained to a regimented world!" There speaks the free spirit of the Celt, precious to meet, whether in Welsh collier or in Irish charwoman.

But we have a richer example of this racial passion in the person of Mrs. Cafferty's lodger, a thin and amazingly hungry young man, with a fluent generosity of speech, and an hostility to all bad people—viz., soldiers and policemen, and landlords and employers of labor—that "might be traced back to the belief that none of them treated one fairly." When this hungry young man appears on the scene, poor Mary has been sharply disillusioned as to the honorable passion of the big Grafton Street policeman. The man, once all-engaging frankness and manly appreciation of her charm, had detected her in the act of publicly discharging her sick mother's duties, and from that hour he has grown odiously familiar in his speech and insultingly complacent in his demeanor; "whence," says our author aptly, "it appears that there is only one grave and debasing vice in the world, and that is poverty." Mary has fled the policeman and his embraces from that day out, and now in her company the thin young man replies with gaiety to her questioning, that "not only could he fight a policeman, but he could also tyrannise over the seed, breed, and generation of such a one; and, moreover, he could accomplish this without real exertion." And he is soon put to the test. One of Mr. Stephens's most delightful chapters details with equal spirit and truth how the big policeman, perplexed and abashed, humbled and abased, impelled by the all-consuming flame of love, suddenly appears in Mrs. Makebelieve's apartment; and, sitting on the bed, in default of anything else to sit on, avows his passion for her daughter and formally begs for Mary's hand. The psychological analysis of Mrs. Makebelieve's anger and suspicion (for Mary has kept the man's doubtful attentions a secret from her parents) is done with a justness that recalls Stephen Crane. The big policeman is repulsed, and in his mingled humiliation and rage he seeks out the thin young man, and a short but Homeric combat ensues, which the latter subsequently proclaims is "the one really great fight of his lifetime." Mrs. Makebelieve, when she is told of the fight, divines with feminine insight that "the big man's action was merely his energetic surrender, as of one who, instead of tendering his sword courteously to the victor, hurls it at him with a malediction; and that in assaulting their friend he was bidding them farewell as heartily and impressively as he was able." To the hungry young man, therefore, falls the delicious spoil and guerdon of Mary's love, and we may

take leave of him with the author's sententious blessing: "Hunger is life, ambition, good-will, and understanding; while fullness is all those negatives which culminate in greediness, stupidity, and decay."

To piece together, in mosaic, a sentence here and a sentence there from Mr. Stephens's crafty pages does not, unfortunately, convey any adequate feeling of his achievement. "The Charwoman's Daughter" is rich in atmospheric freshness, in its cunning, cumulative appeal to our sense of common humanity, to our faith, our courage, and our love. Sharp with Irish wit and salted with common-sense, the tale is compact of tender thought, a gay humor, and a delicate beauty. If it has a fault, it is that the author grows too sententious as the story develops, and his pregnant sayings grow thicker and threaten to smother the close.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Through Trackless Labrador." By H. HESKETH PRICHARD. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

MR. PRICHARD's book describes a journey which he made, in company with Mr. G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, across Labrador from Nain, over the great plateau of Labrador, to Indian House Lake on the George River. The plateau is one of the most desolate regions in the world, and Mr. Prichard was greatly struck by the almost universal fear of the fisher population to penetrate into the interior of Labrador. The death of Mr. Leonidas Hubbard has added to the sinister reputation of Labrador, and though Mr. Prichard and his companion accomplished their journey, it was in the face of a very heavy risk. To add to their other hardships, the travellers suffered from a plague of mosquitos. "They thrust through thick tweeds and underclothing," writes Mr. Prichard, "wherever these were stretched tight across the body; they found every seam of one's clothes, and pierced a crimson pattern on the flesh beneath." So numerous were these pestilent insects that when a blanket was put out to air, it promptly became a seething and loathsome mass of insects. Mr. Prichard gives us a good deal of information of the wild animals of Labrador, and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy contributes a chapter on fishing. The book has high praise for the work done by the missionaries to the Eskimo, especially the Moravians whom Mr. Prichard speaks of as "living lives beyond all praise." As a picturesque and lively description of a journey through an inhospitable land, Mr. Prichard's narrative would be hard to beat.

"The True Daniel Webster." By S. G. FISHER. (Lippincott. 10s 6d. net.)

DR. FISHER has a high reputation as a writer on American history, and in the present volume he gives evidence of research, independent judgment, and a power of expressing himself in a telling way. His view of Webster differs considerably from that taken by Senator Lodge, who argued in his "Life of Webster" that the Abolitionist view of that statesman is one that has been finally adopted by history. Dr. Fisher, on the other hand, is anxious to clear Webster's memory from the misrepresentations of "his relentless enemies, the Abolitionists and Free Soilers." Accordingly, great stress is laid upon Webster's attitude towards Clay's famous compromise of 1850 in regard to the organisation of territory acquired from Mexico. The Abolitionists, including Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier, denounced Webster for supporting the compromise, but Dr. Fisher strongly urges that by doing so he gave proof of a patriotic and clear-sighted statesmanship. The book has the merit of giving a sympathetic portrait of a man who has left an indelible mark upon the history of the United States.

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"France and the French." By CHARLES DAWBARN. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. DAWBARN, who has lived for ten years in France and is the Paris correspondent of a London journal, has essayed with some success, "to present a moving picture of this intellectual and brilliant people, a picture founded upon personal observation and inspired by strong sympathies." His book is a statement of impressions rather than a considered and coherent appreciation of current French ideals and forces. When he writes on politics—a subject necessarily coming within a foreign correspondent's province—he is instructive and sometimes illuminating; but when he gives us his views on French literature and art, or attempts a study of the comparative morality of the French and English peoples, he becomes commonplace and unconvincing. Moreover, the book is, in some respects, far from accurate. The "scrutin de liste" does not now exist as mentioned on page 309; "tact" was hardly the distinguishing quality of M. Delcassé's foreign policy (page 102); it is not "fairly well established" that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple (page 95); and "épater la bourgeoisie" (page 4) is not a common French phrase. On the other hand, those who require a rapid and lively picture of contemporary France will find what they want in Mr. Dawbarn's pages.

"The Humour of the Underman, and Other Essays." By FRANCIS GRIERSON. (Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. GRIERSON has taught us to judge his essays by so high a standard that the present volume is a little disappointing. It has, indeed, many of the qualities we expect from Mr. Grierson—fresh and independent thought, style, and the courage to state an unconventional view without any qualification. But some of the themes do not seem to suit Mr. Grierson's vein as well as those which he chose for treatment in his former volumes. On the other hand, there are a few of the essays which show Mr. Grierson at his best. His discussion of "The Wagnerian Riddle" stands along with "Parsifalitis," which appeared in the first volume he published, while the "Emotional Power of Genius," "Mystery and Illusion," and "Impressionism" are of high critical value. Mr. Grierson is one of the few

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THE life of a famous singer, like that of a famous actor, is usually of most interest to followers of the profession, and this biography of Malibran appeals chiefly to musicians and students of the history of the stage. The story of her life is a record of professional success. A daughter of the Spanish musician, Manuel Garcia, she was born at Paris in 1808, made her first appearance at the King's Theatre, London, in 1828, taking the part of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," and after a succession of triumphs on both sides of the Atlantic, died at Manchester in 1836, as the result of a fall from her horse. Partly through Musset's eulogy, but mainly because of her own versatile talent, Malibran's name is enrolled amongst those of the most famous singers. In addition to her marvellous voice, she had a wonderful dramatic talent, and Rossini used to say that though many singers of his time were great artists, only three could claim genius, and these were Lablache, Rubini, "and that spoiled child of Nature, Marie Felicità Malibran."

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"Thomas Love Peacock." By W. H. HELM. "The Regent Library." (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE are signs of a growing interest in Thomas Love Peacock. Last September we reviewed two biographies of that writer, and now comes a volume of selections in the pleasant "Regent Library" series. Mr. Helm's book has extracts from Peacock's prose and verse, a number of critical verdicts passed upon him, a bibliography, and a biographical and critical introduction. "To enjoy Peacock's novels" says Mr. Helm "the reader must be unusually free from prejudice in things social, political, philosophical, and theological. He must have a keen sense of ironical humor, and a capacity for enduring attacks on his own favorite fads." A reader thus equipped will find the perfection of Peacock's prose style a compensation for the long-winded dialogues, and may even forgive the treatment of Wordsworth and Coleridge which is "the chief blot on his quality as a writer and on his taste as a man."

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Union Pacific	176	179½

THE Board of Trade Returns for March show that our foreign trade kept up marvellously during the strike, though the loss of coal exports must have cut heavily into the profits of shippers and shipowners. The fall in value of coal exports was over two millions, about one-third the figure of March, 1911, the falling off in weight being, of course, very much greater. Possibly the want of coal cargoes stimulated the exports of manufactures, which rose to the record figure of £34,400,000, including an increased shipment of over half a million in iron and steel goods. It is quite possible that the strike may be felt more in April than March by the iron and steel trade; but there will, of course, be a recovery in coal. I hear that during the first ten days of this month almost the whole of the steam trawling fleet of Grimsby (some five or six hundred vessels) was laid up for want of coal. The sailing fishermen must have reaped handsome profits. The Stock Markets have naturally been encouraged by the healthy way in which the country has found its way through the strike troubles. There has been more inconvenience than suffer-

ing, and the City feels relieved that the Government did not capitulate to Syndicalism. The threats of another strike are not taken very seriously, nor is the idea of the "Times" that the railways will seize the opportunity of economising in some of their regular services. The precise effects of the strike upon Home Railway profits cannot be gauged; but the Great Eastern and the London electric lines have won much credit by maintaining their services intact. Most of the lines have lost very heavily in traffics—some needlessly it is said. Most of the activity has been speculation in the miscellaneous markets. There has been a positive boom in Marconis, in some shipping shares, and various other temporary favorites. The extreme tightness of money is, of course, a severe check, and it is likely to operate against a flood of projects and prospectuses which are supposed to be awaiting a favorable opportunity.

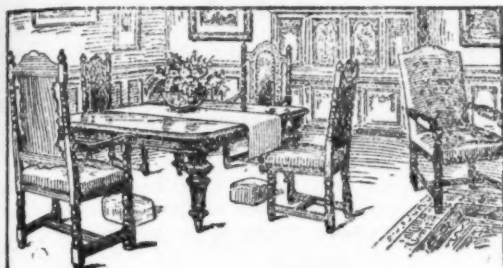
CORPORATION AND MUNICIPAL STOCKS.

At one time, trustees seeking safe and remunerative investments favored Home Corporation Stocks; but they are now entirely neglected by the general investor, and almost as much by the trustee. Most of the stocks in this market were issued when borrowing was cheap, and there was a prevalent belief that money would continue to grow cheaper in the course of years. The majority of municipal loans have to be repaid on definite dates—there are a few irredeemable stocks in existence—but all new loans have to be raised on terms providing for repayment within a maximum of sixty years. This provision acted as a bar to their popularity when prices of good 3 and 3½ per cent. stocks generally stood over par, as there was always the necessity of allowing for the prospective loss on redemption. This, however, is no longer the case, and where stocks bearing low rates of interest, and definitely redeemable at par at a future date now stand much below par, the holders are certain of a gradual appreciation to par. It is not only legitimate but correct to include this prospective appreciation in the yield when calculating the return to the investor or the stocks, just as in the case of stocks standing above par a deduction from the yield is necessary to allow for loss on redemption. The importance of this is not sufficiently recognised. For instance, Leicester Three per Cent., redeemable in 1944, stand at 83, and the Three and a-Half per Cents., redeemable in 1934, at 96. It is clear, however, that the former is by far the better bargain, as the price must rise about half a point per annum on the average, the real yield being £4 3s. per cent. against £3 18s. on the Three per Cents. In the following table is a list of the leading Corporation Stocks, with the dates of redemption and true yields:—

	Interest per cent.	Redeemable.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
Metropolitan	3	1941	89	3 12 6
"	2½	1920-1949	77½	3 13 6
London-County	3	after 1920	85	3 10 6
"	2½	after 1920	70½	3 11 3
Birmingham	3	after 1947	85½	3 12 3
Bristol	3	1920-1960	84	3 16 6
Cardiff	3	1914-1954	83	3 16 6
Edinburgh	3	1924	92½	3 19 6
Glasgow	3	1921	83½	4 1 3
Leeds	3	after 1927	82	3 13 6
Manchester	3	after 1941	85½	3 10 3
Middlesex	3	1915-1935	88	3 19 3
Plymouth	3	1942	85	3 17 6
Sheffield	3½	1968	97½	3 13 6
"	3	1925	90	4 4 6

Where the date of redemption is "after 1940," or some other date, the stock is not really redeemable at all, the borrowers having the right to repay the loan at their option; but the stockholders cannot claim repayment. Where two dates are given, the borrowers may repay at the earlier date, and must repay by the later date. The difference which redemption makes to the holder is shown by the quotations for Metropolitan and London-County Two and a-Half per Cent. Stocks. The former stands 7 points higher, yet is still the better bargain. Metropolitan Stocks are almost alone in taking account of the redemption. In most other cases the prices are absurdly low. All the stocks in our list are large enough to command a fairly free market; but many of the smaller issues, of course, where the anomalies are most marked, cannot be bought at quoted prices.

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